The Outlook

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The Political Campaign

The Republican National Convention, which meets in Chicago on June 15, will have 980 delegates. Of this number 264 have already been chosen. According to figures reported by the New York Tribune, 178 of the delegates already selected are instructed for Mr. Taft, 28 for Mr. Fairbanks, 22 for Mr. Cannon, and 4 for Mr. Hughes, while 32 are uninstructed. Mr. Taft has all the delegates from Florida, Kansas, Nebraska, Ohio, Oklahoma, and Tennessee, and nearly all from Iowa and Missouri; Mr. Fairbanks has the entire delegation from Indiana, and Mr. Cannon all but two of the Illinois delegates. In the case of thirty of the 264 seats already provided for, contests are being made. But the sentiment for Mr. Taft, as so far expressed in the actual vote of conventions, is overwhelming. State conventions are being held this week in Delaware, South Dakota, Virginia, Massachusetts, and New York, and other conventions will be held at intervals up to the first of June. The platform adopted by the Indiana State Convention contained a plank, written by Vice-President Fairbanks, which declared in favor of an early revision of the tariff, called for an extra session of Congress to meet next November for the consideration of the subject, and recommended that Congress "take immediate steps to secure the proper data by experts for intelligent revision." The first of the National Conventions was held last week, when the Populists met at St. Louis and nominated Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, for the Presidency, and Samuel Williams, of Indiana, for the Vice-Presidency. The platform favors Government ownership of railways, telephone and telegraph systems, regulation of corporations, establishment of the referendum, postal savings banks, legislation to improve conditions of labor, enactment of an employers' liability bill, inauguration of public works to give employment in times of business troubles; it opposes the action of inferior Federal courts in annulling by injunction laws of the States, and opposes also gambling in futures.

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The Limitations of the States

By a judgment from which only Mr. Justice Harlan dissents, the Supreme Court of the United States has decided the question which stirred several States last year, and which created in North Carolina and Alabama a serious clash between State and Federal courts. It is to be remembered that the power of the Federal Government over inter-State commerce has been broadly confirmed by decisions of the United States Supreme Court from the early days of the Republic till now. In the meantime, several States have asserted an authority which has been hardly less ample. As a consequence, the crux of this present question has not been the extension of the Federal power, but the limit of the power of the States. The Supreme Court has now determined that no State has the authority to do what three States, at least, have attempted to do—namely, to preserve to themselves the regulation of railways by enacting laws so stringent that the railways and their agents, for fear of the heavy penalties imposed, are intimidated from attempting to maintain their constitutional rights by appeal to the Federal courts. In deciding this question the Court also decides that the State cannot escape from this limitation of its powers by pleading that the State official who is administering an intimidating statute is out of the reach of the Federal court; although it is true that a State cannot be sued in a Federal court, a State official can be sued or proceeded against

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as a State official if he is violating in his official act a stipulation of the Federal Constitution. This decision of course extends to other subjects than inter-State commerce. It is, in fact, a far-reaching decision, removing a threatened obstacle to the development of Federal power. In such a review as this many details must of course be omitted. The Court takes care to qualify its decision, as, for instance, by making it clear that a Federal court cannot directly enjoin a State court, and that in matters in which the State alone is concerned the decision does not apply as it does to the case in hand. Nevertheless, the decision is a sweeping one—so sweeping, in fact, that Mr. Justice Harlan says that the principle, if firmly established, would, in his opinion, "inaugurate a new era in the American judicial system and in the relations of the National and State Governments." The fact seems to us to be that it is the legal recognition of an era which almost imperceptibly began years ago, and from which it was impossible to escape. It is one of the logical outcomes of the principle once enunciated by Professor J. B. Thayer, of Harvard University, in interpreting the decisions of the Supreme Court on this subject, that in matters of inter-State commerce there are no States.

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The State and Inter-State Commerce

The case concerning which this important decision of the Supreme Court was rendered was "In the Matter of Edward T. Young, Petitioner." The State of Minnesota passed a law establishing certain rates. On the ground that these rates were ruinously low and therefore violative of the Constitution of the United States, stockholders of a certain railway brought suit in a Federal Circuit Court against the railway and certain State officials, including the Attorney-General, with the object of enjoining the railway from adopting these rates and the officials from enforcing them. These stockholders declared that they had demanded of the railway president and directors that they decline to adopt these rates; but the railway men had replied that the severity of the penalties imposed by the law would be ruinous to them. The Federal court issued a restraining order. Attorney-General Young, averring that, as the State of Minnesota had not consented to the commencement of a suit against him as Attorney-General of the State, the Federal court had no jurisdiction under the Eleventh Amendment, which prevents any Federal court from entertaining a suit brought by a citizen against a State, disobeyed the injunction of the Federal court and brought action in a State court against the railway to force it to obey the law. Thereupon the Federal court held the Attorney-General for contempt. The case went to the United States Supreme Court on *habeas corpus* proceedings. The Supreme Court thus found it necessary to decide upon three general questions. The first was whether there were Federal questions involved; for if there were none, the Federal Circuit Court had no jurisdiction and the Attorney-General could go free. The Supreme Court found that there were Federal questions involved. The second was whether the rate laws were unconstitutional; for if they were not, there was no ground on which the Circuit Court could have enjoined the Attorney-General from enforcing them. The Supreme Court found that "the provisions of the acts relating to the enforcement of the rates, either for freight or passengers, by imposing such enormous fines and possible imprisonment as a result of an unsuccessful effort to test the validity of the laws themselves, are unconstitutional on their face, without regard to the question of the insufficiency of those rates." In ordinary criminal cases, the Court pointed out, there is no question as to the jurisdiction of the Legislature; but it is manifestly unjust, in those subjects over which the power of the Legislature is questionable, to "impose upon a party interested the burden" of testing the validity of a statute for the first time "only upon the condition that if unsuccessful he must suffer imprisonment and pay fines. . . ." The third and most important question was whether the suit against the Attorney-General was a suit against the State; for if it was, it was

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in contravention of the Eleventh Amendment, and the Attorney-General could go free. The Court decided that it was a suit against an individual and not against the State. The Court says:

> If the act which the State Attorney-General seeks to enforce be a violation of the Federal Constitution, the officer in proceeding under such enactment comes into conflict with the superior authority of that Constitution, and he is in that case stripped of his official or representative character and is subjected in his person to the consequences of his individual conduct. The State has no power to impart to him any immunity from responsibility to the supreme authority of the United States.

Accompanying the opinion in the Minnesota case is a decision in a North Carolina case to the same effect, and rendered for the same reasons. These decisions ought to end the attempt of States to exercise, even by indirection, so distinctively a Federal function as the regulation of inter-State commerce. At any rate, they show that the Legislatures and Governors of North Carolina and Alabama were wrong, and that Judge Pritchard and Judge Thomas G. Jones, who were both hotly criticised and defied last summer, were right. The Progressive Farmer, of North Carolina, a weekly paper of courage and of liberal spirit, has generously emphasized Judge Pritchard's vindication. These decisions show, moreover, that the attempt of several Western as well as Southern States to assume control of the railways was contrary to the unescapable tendencies of our Government. If all the energies which have been directed toward the enactment and enforcement of drastic State law can be turned to perfecting Federal regulation and to co-ordinating with it the necessary State measures (as has been done in New York), the inter-State commerce question will soon cease to be a disturbing issue.

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The Forest Service Attacked

Last week the Forest Service was attacked in both branches of Congress. The assault was apparently part of the general scheme of the opposers of forest preservation. Without forest preservation we cannot have a proper lumber supply. And since the forest is the chief water reservoir, without forest conservation we cannot have a proper water supply. Not only do Spain, Syria, and China show the effects of deforestation; we need look no farther than our own country. In one year floods directly traceable to forest destruction in the southern Appalachian Mountains destroyed several million dollars' worth of property. The quality of the adverse criticism in the House of Representatives last week may be gathered from the following statement by Mr. Mondell, of Wyoming:

> There are many other factors affecting water conservation besides forests, and in my opinion, a vast territory could and often has a fairly regular water flow without forests; and, as far as water flow is concerned, a territory even as large as the United States could, in my opinion, get along very well without any considerable forests at all, if it were not for the fact that we need lumber and love trees. The gentleman from Texas [Mr. Burleson] looks horrified. I am not surprised at that, in view of the vigorous and exaggerated propaganda we have had on the other side of the subject for a long time. In my opinion, an acre of well-cultivated ground is worth ten acres in woodland in the conservation of water. In my opinion, there is nothing that conserves water like cultivated areas.

However this be—and the general opinion of well-informed people will hardly coincide with Mr. Mondell's—without the conservation of water itself we cannot have a sufficient supply for drinking and domestic purposes, for irrigation and canals, for water power and the generation of electricity. In the conservation of water on the navigable streams, the public domain, and the National Forests, the Federal Government is and must be aided by private enterprise. How shall those relations be adjusted? By practically perpetual and unrestricted grant of rights of way and storage-dam privileges, say the greedy, as is evident in the bills before Congress. Mr. Mondell, a foremost critic of the Forest Service, is the author of one of them. Such bills, if passed, would be a blow at the Forest Service. As Mr. Pinchot, the Forester, says:

> They would deprive the Secretary of Agriculture of power, now enjoyed by him, to make regulations affecting rights of way. Without such regulation the rights granted would often conflict with the people's inter-

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ests. Aside from these general grounds, the proposed measures leave no power to control location, to insure safe construction, or to protect timber. Such measures simply intrench monopoly as represented by large and wealthy corporations with great financial backing. The proposal is to obtain for nothing privileges involving the monopolistic control of the daily life of our people to an unparalleled degree. Of course the Forest Service, already providing for legitimate uses of its forests, opposes any measures looking toward unfair special and private advantage.

President Roosevelt agrees in this, as may be gathered from his Message to Congress a fortnight ago:

> I shall be obliged, hereafter, in accordance with the policy stated in a recent message, to veto any water power bill which does not provide for a time limit and for the right of the President or Secretary concerned to fix and collect such a charge as he may find to be just and reasonable in each case.

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The Senate Opposes the President

Last week the Senate invited the President to exercise the threatened veto power. It passed a bill authorizing a water company to construct a dam across the Snake River in the State of Washington, without including the provisions recommended by the President. The Snake River rises in the Yellowstone Park and flows through Idaho, Washington, and Oregon into the Pacific Ocean. Lewiston, Idaho, is at the head of navigation. This bill was referred to in The Outlook last week as presumably providing for the irrigation of thousands of acres of land thereabouts. Its critics declare that the necessary power required for such irrigation could be disposed of for enough to pay for the entire cost of the proposed dam, and that even then sufficient power would be left to be ultimately worth several million dollars. As Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, said:

> We are asked here to consider the proposition of granting to this private enterprise the right to take possession of this great waterway—I think I would not be exaggerating should I say that it is as broad as the Potomac in front of this city—to take possession of it and undertake to construct a dam in it. What they want is to take possession of it for the purpose of a financial exploitation that will enable them to take this privilege which Congress gives, and then sell it to some one else.

But if they do not sell it, the measure might place the agricultural, manufacturing, and transportation development of the surrounding region at the monopolistic mercy of a private company. Accordingly, in view of the President's Message, amendments were offered by Senator Perkins, of California, covering the two points properly made by the Chief Executive. They were, however, regrettably defeated by Senators who "would not concede the Federal Government's right to take control of the waters within any State and levy tolls for their use." To this Senator Teller, of Colorado, added:

> Having engaged in the timber and grazing business and established sawmills, the President now proposes to become a water-master or toll-keeper.

And why not? As the Executive head of the Federal Government, his duty is to approve or disapprove of measures affecting the National Forests, the public domain, and navigable streams, all of which are under Federal control. Private enterprise is indispensable to the Federal Government. The risks attending such enterprise are great enough to warrant the demand of an ample franchise-term, and a refusal to compensate the Government at higher rates than would be demanded by private owners. Respecting these conditions the Administration and the most far-sighted private corporations are in entire harmony. Neither wishes to cheat the other. From the approaching conference at the White House of the Governors of all the States with the President concerning the conservation of our natural resources, we shall soon understand how these representatives of the States stand. Will they uphold their Senators in opposing an Administration which declines to give something for nothing?

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The Case Against Castro

Having repeatedly failed to obtain any satisfactory reply to its demands for arbitration of charges of oppression and confiscation as regards American rights (or even, indeed, barely civil treatment), our State Department has laid the papers in the controversy with

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Venezuela before the Senate, with the expectation that Congress may take action. The nature of the American claims has already been discussed in The Outlook. The defense of its refusal to arbitrate made by Venezuela is technically acute enough, and seems on its face to have some force; but if Castro's case is strong technically, ours is so morally. Thus, Venezuela asserts that some part of the controversy has already been arbitrated; that the most important of the other claims have been passed upon by the highest courts in Venezuela, and that no country ought to be forced to arbitrate property claims as to matters within its own boundaries already decided by its courts; that one or more of the claimants are not American citizens; that some of the American claimants have encouraged revolution; that perjury and financial trickery have been employed by the claimants (this refers especially to the asphalt concessions), until they are not entitled to the support of their home Government. All this sounds well if one does not go behind the lawyer's point of view. But the essential claim of our Government is that President Castro has used courts and Government offices arbitrarily and wrongfully to injure American citizens. We cannot allow, if this is the case, that an appeal by him to what we assert are merely his creatures should make reparation impossible. An outside tribunal, that is, a court of international arbitration, must decide whether Venezuela itself has, under form of law, deliberately confiscated property and oppressed individuals. With a nation of good repute for justice Castro's contentions might hold; but nations as well as individuals may have bad reputations, and Venezuela's conduct has long been regarded the world over as disreputable and tyrannical. In short, our position as a Nation is that offenses have been committed which might almost, or quite, justify war; but the United States does not propose to enter into war; it believes it can bring President Castro to his senses in some less violent way. This might be by a seizure of ports until our claims are satisfied through retaining customs dues, or it might be by placing commercial restrictions on Venezuela's intercourse with the United States. It is understood that both methods will be discussed before Congress. As an instance of the kind of thing which has been permitted by the President and courts of Venezuela, we may quote an account of one so-called legal procedure, reported by Mr. Calhoun, the United States Commissioner, and thus summarized in the New York Tribune:

> A "sequestration" suit was brought against an American company doing business in Venezuela. The petition in the suit was filed on Wednesday. On Thursday, the next day, the order granting sequestration of the company's property and appointing a receiver was issued. On the morning of Friday, the third day of the procedure, the receiver accepted the appointment, qualified, received his commission, and set out to seize the property. And then, a few hours later, on Friday afternoon, when the case was closed and the receiver well on his way, the local managing director of the company, who all the time had been right there in Caracas, as all concerned in the proceedings well knew, was for the first time served with notice of what was being, or rather what had been, done!
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> The writ of sequestration thus secretly issued authorized the seizure "of the property leased" and the holding of it pending the determination of the controversy. But the Venezuelan Government let no pent-up Utica contract its powers. It seized not only the "property leased," but also everything else belonging to the company upon which its receiver could lay his hands, including personal effects and cash, entirely outside the subject matter of the disputed lease over which the suit occurred. Nor was that all. Instead of "holding" the property which it had seized, according to the code, it began using and consuming it for the carrying on of business in competition with the company which owned it.

If this were exceptional, it would not be of great importance; but the entire history of Castro's dealings with the asphalt companies through many years is full of such things. If Venezuela wishes to be treated as other independent nations are, it must refrain from predatory acts.

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"A Friend of the Negro"

That Senator Foraker is skillful in impressing a certain class of negroes is indubitable. He has succeeded in persuading thousands of this sort that he is a friend of the race. His latest exhibition of friendship has taken the form of

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withstanding the only constitutional measure of relief that has been proposed for the restoration to the army of any of the negro soldiers who were dismissed from the service as a result of the Brownsville affray. There have been two measures before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. One, introduced by Senator Foraker, as The Outlook has stated, directs that every soldier discharged because of that affray shall be reinstated upon his taking oath of innocence. It would be unfortunate for Senator Foraker if that bill were passed. It is much more impressive in its present condition than it would be in the form of law. The Constitution does not make Congress commander-in-chief of the army; neither does it invest in Congress the appointing power. Such a measure as Senator Foraker has submitted would be void as law; but as a bill hung up in committee it pleads loudly for negro votes, and without doubt very effectively. The other measure enables the President to reinstate such soldiers as are able to prove their trustworthiness. Since Senator Foraker cannot have his own bill passed, he is obstructing the passage of the other. His attitude is calculated to impress the uninformed as heroic: uncompromising hostility to anything but complete exoneration of the entire battalion. His argument is specious; it is echoed by newspapers that are intelligent enough to discern the false pretense of it. Nobody, it is declared, is supposed to be required to prove his innocence. This is echoed by editors who would not hesitate to discharge an office boy on suspicion, and would not think of employing as confidential stenographer any one suspected of breach of confidence unless he could prove positively his fidelity to a trust. The rule that applies to a criminal court does not apply to the army, any more than it applies to the affairs of a business concern or of a household. It simply suits Senator Foraker, and those who for political reasons support him, to argue as if it did. In the meantime, the soldiers who might get back into the army may have the consolation of knowing that they are helping to contribute a little something to bolster up Senator Foraker's falling political fortunes.

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The Kaiser, the Towers, and Mr. Hill

About two weeks ago a telegram from Berlin announced that Dr. David Jayne Hill would not be acceptable to "the German Government" as Ambassador at Berlin. "The grounds upon which Germany declines to receive Dr. Hill are, in general, that he is not a man of sufficient importance to represent the United States in Berlin." David Jayne Hill has been President of the University of Rochester, First Assistant Secretary of State under John Hay, whom he served with signal ability, Minister to Switzerland, and is now Minister to Holland. In the last of these positions he rendered marked service in connection with the Hague Peace Conference. Dr. Hill is notable as a scholar, especially in German, a speaker, an authority on international law, and a skilled diplomat; indeed, the diplomatic service counts no more accomplished or tactful representative. When, last year, Mr. Charlemagne Tower, our present Ambassador to Germany, in writing to President Roosevelt, announced his resignation, the President, at the request of the Secretary of State, named Dr. Hill for that position, as a man better fitted than any other presumable candidate. To fill Dr. Hill's place at The Hague, Mr. Beaupré, Minister to the Argentine Republic, was named, and to fill Mr. Beaupré's, Mr. Spencer Eddy, First Secretary of the American Embassy at Berlin. These three promotions are in pursuance of the policy inaugurated by John Hay and effectively furthered by the present Secretary of State. Not only does Mr. Root believe in the principle of promotion within the diplomatic service, wherever possible, rather than to recruit from without; he also believes that personal ability and experience and not a bank book should be the passport to preferment. This he has already exhibited in nominating comparatively poor men to the ambassadorships at St. Petersburg, Tokyo, and Rio de Janeiro, replacing rich men in each case. When Dr. Hill, a man of modest fortune, was named to

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succeed Mr. Tower, a man of great fortune, at Berlin, the German Foreign Office, the Emperor, and practically all Germany, united in approval. Four months later we read that Mr. Tower is requested to forward a letter to Washington, stating the grounds of the Emperor's change of mind. Now the Emperor, a monarch almost Oriental in his love of display, desires to elevate Berlin to the social brilliance of Vienna, Paris, and London. During the winter he and the Imperial family have participated in a series of entertainments given by Mr. and Mrs. Tower, so unparalleled not only in actual magnificence, but in the cleverness of their arrangement, that he is said to have called his hostess "the Moltke of German society," to acknowledge that she had given to the German capital what it had long lacked, and to have declared to an American consul about to return home, "Tell Mr. Roosevelt that I am very angry with him for accepting Mr. Tower's resignation." It may have been perfectly natural for the Kaiser to wish to retain Mr. and Mrs. Tower in Berlin, but the method which he pursued to attain his desire would properly be called diplomatically indiscreet if pursued by a less distinguished personage. It is to be regretted that Mr. Tower appears to have been aware of this indiscretion and therefore must share in whatever blame attaches to it.

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An Undemocratic Democracy

As a matter of fact, however, an American representative in Berlin has been specially welcome to a nation of scholars whenever he has represented scholarly attainments rather than material resources. This was the case with George Bancroft and with Bayard Taylor. It was also the case with Mr. Tower, whose interesting volumes on "Lafayette in the American Revolution" showed to the German people his scholarly achievements, as does more impressively in Dr. Hill's case his monumental "History of Diplomacy in Europe." Indeed, Dr. Hill was selected for the German Embassy, not only because of his statesmanlike ability, not only because his promotion would apply civil service principles to our diplomatic service, but also because of his rank in the world of literature. The Berlin despatch aroused immediate resentment here. Within three days the German Ambassador conveyed to the American Government the Emperor's frank assurance that there had never been any change in his attitude toward Dr. Hill. Of course not. Nevertheless, when Dr. Hill's nomination was sent to the Senate last week it was confirmed with unaccustomed celerity. That was not the only effect in Congress due to the incident. Congress began actively to consider the various bills pending at this session to provide our ambassadors with residences. It was realized that if this provision were made, the salary paid to them, though unworthily small compared with that of other great nations, would not be such an obstacle as hitherto to a poor man named to an ambassadorship. Unwittingly we have brought upon ourselves a condition repugnant to democratic theories of government. We owe it to ourselves to change that condition. Poor men representing countries which are not democratic are able to come here as ambassadors because the remuneration and accommodations are sufficient to make it unnecessary for them to draw on their private purses. Yet the American diplomatic service has sometimes seemed to represent a plutocracy rather than a democracy.

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Irish Affairs

Irish matters were very much at the front in the House of Commons last week, and the attitude of the Liberals on the Home Rule question was very distinctly disclosed by the resolution presented by Mr. Redmond to the effect that "in the opinion of this House, a solution of this problem can only be attained by giving the Irish people legislative and executive control of purely Irish affairs." This motion was amended by adding the words, "All subject to the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament." Mr. Balfour, in a brief speech, endeavored to add to the embarrassment of Mr. Asquith's position between the con-

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servative and radical elements in his own party, the group who favor and those who disfavor Home Rule; but the Liberal leader in the House, with characteristic vigor, declared that he had never been less embarrassed in his life; that for over twenty years he and his colleagues had constantly advocated self-government for Ireland's purely local affairs, and that he held that opinion as strongly as ever. He could not, however, he added, support the motion, because no Parliament would be justified in embarking in such a task unless the matter had first been submitted to popular vote. So far as the present Parliament is concerned, in passing the Irish Councils Bill last year it had exhausted its powers for dealing with the Irish problem. Mr. Asquith made it quite clear that, so long as he has a dominant influence in directing the policy of the Liberal party, Home Rule will not be brought to the front, and he refused to declare what he would be willing to do at the next general election. Mr. Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, made an almost passionate speech in support of the bill; declaring that the Liberal party is a Home Rule party, and that he has never attempted to conceal the fact that, in his conviction, Home Rule ought to be granted. Out of a total of 670 members of the House, 200 abstained from voting, many of them probably Liberals, and the motion was carried by 313 votes to 157. Mr. Asquith has taken his place beside Lord Rosebery and the Liberal group who refuse to push the Home Rule question further, and he has taken a stand which can hardly fail to alienate the Nationalists and a goodly number of Liberal members of the House. With public opinion running so strongly as it appears to be against the Liberal Government, the support of the Irish Nationalists' vote and of the Labor vote may soon become necessary to the Liberal Ministry; for the Home Rulers and the Laborites have hitherto worked in unison, except on the Educational Bill. The other Irish question was that of the new universities bill, introduced by Mr. Birrell, by the terms of which it is proposed to charter two new universities, one at Dublin, the other at Belfast; that at Belfast having but one college, the well-known Queen's College; that at Dublin, not only the present college, but two constituent colleges in addition, at Cork and Galway; these colleges to be without religious tests, and to be governed by their respective Senates. The bill provides that $100,000 from the Irish church fund shall be divided between the two universities; that the Crown shall have the right to nominate some members of the Senates, and that Catholic and Protestant bishops and laymen shall take part in the direction of the two institutions. The power of appointing and dismissing professors resides in the Senates; while a Board of Visitors is to be nominated by the Crown. In addition to the $100,000 from the Irish church fund, the bill provides for an appropriation of $200,000 from the Exchequer, with special grants of $750,000 to Dublin and $300,000 to Belfast. Mr. Balfour, as leader of the Opposition, expressed his approval of the bill, and Mr. Dillon declared that the bill would be accepted by the Roman Catholics in Ireland. It passed its first reading by a vote of 307 to 24.

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Anarchist or Paranoiac?

There is no evidence that the wretched man Silverstein, who, a week ago last Saturday, in Union Square of New York City, attempted to throw a bomb into a squad of police, with no other result than to kill a bystander and to inflict probably fatal injuries upon himself, had any fellow-conspirators, although his crime may have been more or less directly the result of Anarchistic propaganda. In this respect the bomb-throwing differs essentially from the attack upon the Chicago police in 1886, for which Spies, Parsons, and others were tried as conspirators or actual participants. Silverstein was an extremely ignorant, illiterate, and apparently stupid youth of twenty. It is said that he had a hatred of the police because he had been clubbed in some disturbance. That he brought over from Russia or acquired from other Russian Jews the spirit of meeting what he regarded as oppression by murder can hardly be doubted. Probably he

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belonged really to the class of semi-responsible criminals like the murderer of President McKinley—men who have enough knowledge of the nature of crime to make them morally responsible for their deeds, but whose reasonless hatred of all in power and cruel passion for violence mark them as abnormal. The incident of the bomb-throwing itself has not occupied public attention so much as certain questions connected with the Union Square demonstration at which it occurred. It had been proposed to hold a meeting of unemployed to urge that the city provide work for them. The meeting was called by men representing Socialist journals and organizations, was to be addressed by Socialist orators (including Mr. Robert Hunter, of the so-called "parlor Socialists" group), and was, in fact, more of a Socialist meeting than one of the unemployed. The police, rightly or wrongly, feared disturbance, and the Park Commissioner declined to grant the permit for the meeting required by the city's ordinances. Nevertheless, great crowds collected in Union Square. There was even some attempt to hold the meeting despite the prohibition, and in the end the police were called upon to disperse the mob. They declare that they used no unnecessary violence; the Socialists assert that the police were brutal, and clubbed or rode down resistants and non-resistants alike. We have not seen, however, exact charges of serious injury to specified individuals, and unless such proof is brought forward it will probably be believed that there was more roughness of tongue and manner than actual violence. But an outburst of protest followed, alleging that the rights of free speech and free assembly had been violated. The principles involved in this claim are discussed editorially on another page. Apart from the undoubted right of a city government not merely to put down but to foresee and prevent disturbance in its crowded streets and squares, the question has been raised as to the wisdom of the decision in this particular case. Thus Dr. Devine, of the Charity Organization Society, while he has no sympathy with the Socialist committee who were managing the affair, and thought that such a meeting would not benefit the unemployed, is quoted as deprecating the police force's harshness and the arbitrary power displayed in forbidding the meeting. Force is added to this argument by a fact which the police as well as many other half-informed people continually ignore—namely, that Socialism is the precise opposite of Anarchism; that Socialists, so far from wishing to do away with government, wish vastly to increase its powers. Whatever Silverstein was, he was not a Socialist. As regards the unfavorable comparisons of New York with London and other foreign cities in the treatment of outdoor meetings made by some writers, it may be noted that a well-informed writer in one of the New York papers points out that in Trafalgar Square, which may very fitly be compared with Union Square, "permits are granted only after careful scrutiny and investigation, and there are always precautionary measures taken on a scale that would not be possible in New York without complete dislocation of the police routine," adding that "the Hyde Park Sunday meetings, which have been cited as another example of English tolerance of free speech, are policed in a thoroughgoing manner, and the language used by the speakers is controlled absolutely by the police." The arrest of the blatant Anarchist orator and editor Berkman, on very slender evidence that he knew Silverstein, and the threatened expulsion from the country of another notorious Anarchist, Emma Goldman, seem to have been the outcome of over anxiety on the part of the police to do something spectacular.

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A Serious Educational Blunder

The new State of Oklahoma is trying a very interesting experiment in the direction of substituting direct democracy for representative government. The latest report from that State will not give encouragement to those who are inclined to believe in the general movement. For, if that report is to be trusted, the State Board of Education has disregarded all the experience of older communities, as well as funda-

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mental educational and political principles, by interjecting partisan politics into the educational administration of the State. Dr. David R. Boyd organized the State University seventeen or eighteen years ago, when the Territory was first opened for settlement. This University he has built up from nothing to a vigorous, well-organized, and, considering its youth, well-equipped institution. Under his financial guidance it has obtained not only land for an admirable campus, but in addition land which, if it be well husbanded, will prove a valuable endowment. He has gathered about him a faculty of younger men who, in their several departments, measure well up in ability to the younger men of older universities. He has the cordial support of his faculty and of the students. According to the published reports, the Board of Regents of the University, which answers to the Board of Trustees of a privately endowed university, were opposed to any change. Yet the State Board of Education has removed him in order to put a Democrat in his place. To overrule the public sentiment of the faculty and the students, and the judgment of the Board of Regents, and to remove from office, for political reasons, a president who has done so large a work for the State and done it so well, would augur ill for the educational future of Oklahoma but for one consideration. Infantile communities have to have their mumps and measles, and we may hope that when the Board of Education of the State of Oklahoma is older it will be wiser. Nothing is more certain than that the educational institutions of the State ought always to be scrupulously kept free from political influences. Even if it were true, as charged in excuse for this action, that Dr. Boyd has been a too zealous Republican, the remedy would be to caution him, not to take action which makes the Board of Education outvie him in partisanship.

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A Modern Morality Play

A drama which combines in an unusual degree absorbing interest as a play with keen satire of certain tendencies in the Church and a sincere and powerful presentation of moral and religious truth has entered upon what should be a long and prosperous run at the Savoy Theater in New York. The play is entitled "The Servant in the House;" it is written by Charles Rann Kennedy; and its story is briefly this: The vicar of an English country parish finds his church sadly in need of physical rebuilding and spiritual regeneration. At the same time he begins to accuse himself of hypocrisy and moral cowardice, in the treatment of one of his brothers. The brother is a drunken ne'er-do-well, engaged in the unsavory occupation of a cleaner of drains. The daughter of the drainman has been adopted in the Vicar's family, but she is kept ignorant of her father's identity and character. Unexpected word has come to the Vicar that the great Bishop of Benares, who reveals himself as another brother, long since disappeared, is coming to help him in the upbuilding of his church. The Vicar's wife, a woman whose great ambition for her husband has warped and dwarfed her moral nature, has also invited her brother, the Bishop of Lancashire, to come and join the Bishop of Benares in the work. The "servant in the house" is an Indian butler, clad in picturesque Oriental robes. He is presently revealed to the audience, though not to the inmates of the house, as the famous Bishop. The scavenger brother appears, to be soon followed by the Bishop brother-in-law, who is symbolically deaf and all but blind. Mistaking the scavenger for the Vicar, and inadvertently hitting upon the truth with regard to the "servant," he outlines his plan for the rebuilding of the church, which includes a liberal "rake-off" for the two Bishops. The "servant," in a powerful scene, sternly satirizes the conscienceless greed of the pious hypocrite, and describes the ideal beauty of the church which *he* has built, with brotherhood for foundation, walls, and superstructure. The "servant's" influence begins to transform the household. It drives out the worldly Bishop, gives new heart to the Vicar, softens the ambitious wife, reclaims the ne'er-do-well brother, and reunites father and daughter. In a final scene the drainman announces that he has discovered

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the cause of the conditions which have driven the congregation from the church and even the Vicar from his study. A foul drain beneath the vicarage was found to lead to a vault beneath the church itself—an old grave filled with decay and putridity. He declares his intention of cleaning out the vault, though his life pay the penalty, and the Vicar throws off his coat and offers his help till the task is done. In the clasp of hands dedicating both to the work, the brothers are reunited. The "servant" enters to prepare the luncheon table, and announces that the Bishop of Benares is "here." The Vicar turns and questions him, "In the name of God, who are you?" and the servant replies, "In the name of God, your brother." In that answer lies the keynote of the play, for parallel with its dramatic story is a sermon expressed in symbolism. Its subject is the brotherhood of man. The "servant in the house," although the fact is never told in so many words, is a reincarnation of the Christ. The idea is carried out not only in his appearance but in many of his words. It is a daring conception, which could be saved from offense only by scrupulous care in the construction of the play and a reverent spirit in the acting of the part. The figure of the "servant" as it has been conceived by the author and as it is presented by Mr. Walter Hampden is dignified, lovable, and at times awe-inspiring. Not only is the play remarkable as a drama and powerful as a sermon, but its presentation is marked by acting of a high quality throughout.

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Monopoly or Transfers—Which?

New York City experiences this week one of the inconveniences attendant upon the smashing of a monopoly. The fact that the monopoly was smashed, not in the course of a political reform movement, but in the course of financial freebooting, does not alter the fact that the consequences afford a lesson in the political dealing with monopolies. The surface transit system of New York City, originally consisting of a number of independent lines, became in course of time a huge combination. To the impoverishment of stockholders and the hardship of the public, but to the great enrichment of the manipulators, this combination was "financed" until it became bankrupt. In the meantime the public enjoyed one great benefit, that of traveling in almost any direction and by almost any continuous route for a single fare of five cents. Indeed, by the exercise of ingenuity one could travel at this cost all day, and all over Manhattan and the Bronx. A transfer system made this possible. One of the consequences of bankruptcy, however, has been the disintegration of the monopoly. And now, with the separation of one of the component lines from the rest, a Federal Circuit Judge has declared that transfers between that line and the rest need no longer be given. Many political leaders who wish to deal with the question of monopolies by smashing them forget that with the end of monopolies there is an end to the benefits of monopolies. It is this fact that has made the American people support in the Federal Government, at any rate, and increasingly demand from the governments of the several States, a policy with regard to great corporations, not of extirpation, but of regulation.

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A Remarkable Semi-Centennial

From the coral island of Apaiang, one of the Gilbert group, five thousand miles southwest of San Francisco, the mail has just brought news of a remarkable celebration last November. The American Cyclopædia said of those islanders in 1859: they "are sullen, passionate, cruel, treacherous, . . . fond of war, . . . eat human flesh occasionally." In November, 1857, the Rev. Hiram Bingham and wife landed at Apaiang and began missionary work by reducing its language to writing. The semi-centennial of this event was commemorated by thirty thousand Gilbertese Christians, whose churches constitute the Gilbertese Evangelical Association, whose pastors were trained in the schools founded by Dr. Bingham with the aid of the books prepared by him and Mrs.

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Bingham. Six more native pastors were ordained at the recent jubilee. Every year there is a demand for some two thousand books in Gilbertese. The islanders have purchased some eleven thousand copies of Mr. Bingham's translation of the Scriptures. A touching letter of thanksgiving, recording what he had done for them since the time when "the minds of the people were very dark," was despatched to the veteran missionary by the churches assembled at the jubilee. Since 1875, the climate of Apaiang having become no longer endurable, Dr. Bingham has resided at Honolulu, where he was born in 1831, his parents being among the first American missionaries sent thither. There, with broken health, he has prosecuted literary work for the Gilbertese, finishing this year a Commentary on the Acts, and a dictionary needed for commercial as well as missionary use. This last was a doubled task, its original manuscript having been lost by a reckless messenger. Dr. Bingham, one of the few men who in our time have raised a whole people out of savagery into humane civilization, was graduated at Yale in 1853, in the same class with the late E. C. Stedman and many other men of note.

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A Life of Patriotic Devotion

No less entitled to public recognition than the hero who dies in battle is the faithful administrator who carries out with loyalty and unselfish application his duty to his country. Such a man was Arthur Walsh Fergusson, the late Executive Secretary of the Philippine Islands. His death has called out from Americans in M nila, from the Filipinos themselves, and from his official superiors the strongest possible testimony to his worth. Thus, in resolutions passed by the Quill Club of Manila he is thus described: "Rarely qualified for his office by nature and by study, patient, courteous, and affable, with quick wit, fluent speech, and a mastery of both languages, a fine literary faculty, a ready pen, and a sound legal training, as Executive Secretary of the islands he not only discharged well his own arduous duty, but lightened the labor of others, strengthening the weakness, softening the harshness, often controlling the action of superiors as well as of those under him. Among all the qualities of this man the one that stood out the strongest was his loyalty, absolute, uncomplaining, self-sacrificing." From the directorate of the native Progressive Party comes this tribute: "The deceased has rendered very valuable and signal services to the Filipino people and to his Government, and during his life has shown himself to be a perfect gentleman, an honorable and painstaking official, as well as a true friend of the Filipinos." From his own Government comes equally appreciative comment, as is seen in a special proclamation from the Governor-General of the Philippine Islands, directing public mourning and declaring, after a description of Mr. Fergusson's public services in many capacities before he came to the archipelago, that (to quote only the comment on Mr. Fergusson's early work in the Philippines) "the value of the fifty-two days of service rendered by him during the journey of the Philippine Commission through the various provinces for the purpose of establishing civil government cannot be adequately measured at this date. Suffice it to say that his interpretations were clothed with the true feelings of the Commission, and bred a trust in the United States and its beneficent policy which smoothed away a thousand difficulties and made possible that harmony and good understanding without which the solution of a very difficult problem would have been impossible." Finally, we may quote from a personal letter written by Secretary Taft to a member of The Outlook's staff. Mr. Taft says:

> I do not know of any service in the Islands which is more worthy of commendation than his. He went to the Islands with the Philippine Commission in 1900, and had served the Government there ever since with courage and devotion. He had a marvelous capacity in being able to think and express himself equally well in two languages, and in his ability to turn an English speech into most beautiful Spanish while on the floor and without preparation he rendered the greatest possible service to the Government at the time when we were traveling through the Islands and organizing the provinces in 1901, and his work did much to bring together the Americans and Filipinos, and to create a better understanding. As Executive Sec-

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retary he had charge of all the provincial governments at a time when it was most essential that their officers should be properly guided in their new duties, and he discharged this important duty in a way that commended him to all that were interested in the Philippine problem. He made an impressive appearance, and by his many good qualities, his cheerfulness and optimism, he endeared himself to his colleagues and won the affection and respect of the people of the Islands. They have lost a good friend in his death, and the American Government has lost a most efficient public servant.

A man like this offers a pre-eminently fine example of the public servant who has both ideals and patriotism—a type by no means so uncommon as cynics would have us believe.

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The Right of Free Speech

We give on another page a report of the meeting attempted last week in Union Square, New York City, and dispersed by the police. The meeting has led to a public claim that the right of free speech and free assemblage guaranteed by the Constitution both of the State and of the Nation was violated by the authorities on that occasion. It has given rise to some extraordinarily loose thinking and speaking on this subject. Liberty of action does not mean that every man may do what he will with his hands. Liberty of speech does not mean that every man may do what he will with his tongue. Are there any limits to this liberty of the tongue? and if so, what are they?

The Outlook holds that in America every man has the right and ought to have the right to persuade his fellow-citizens to any opinion, however wild and erratic. He may argue, with the Roman Catholic, for the infallibility of the Church, and he may argue, with the atheist, that there is no God; he may argue, with the Anarchist, that there ought to be no government, and he may argue, with the State Socialist, that government should direct all the industries and apportion all the proceeds; he may argue, with the idealist, that there is no matter, and he may argue, with the materialist, that there is nothing but matter. In short, there is no proposition, however preposterous it may appear to the majority, that the crank, however cranky he is, may not present to his fellow-citizens, provided he can get them to listen to him. There are some subjects on which free speech may be dangerous, but none on which repression of speech is not more dangerous. On this point we heartily agree with W. D. Foulke in his published condemnation of the Chicago police for arresting Emma Goldman and taking her from the platform of a hall hired for her use, and forcibly preventing her from giving her address, without waiting to see what it was to be. Says Mr. Foulke: "If in her speech she had incited men to crime, she might properly have been arrested for that, but to stop her from speaking at all would appear to be a violation of the Constitution as well of one of our most fundamental rights." With this The Outlook absolutely agrees.

But from the general principle, embodied in our National Constitution, that the right of the people to freedom of speech, of the press, and of peaceable assemblage ought never to be abridged, certain deductions have been illogically drawn which that principle does not involve.

I. The right of free speech and free assemblage does not involve the right to assemble and discuss at any time and in any place at the will of the speaker. It does not involve his right to enter another's private house and discuss at a private dinner table, nor to assemble his auditors on some one else's private lawn and address them from the front porch. No more does it involve his right to take possession of a park or a highway belonging to the public and dedicated by the public to other uses. If a speaker desires to assemble an audience on a private lawn, he must get permission of the private owner. If he desires to assemble an audience on a public lawn, he must get permission of the public owner. It would be preposterous to allow any body of men, at any time, at their own free will, to take possession of a city park for a public assemblage. It might easily happen that two antagonistic assemblages—one of Orangemen and one of Roman Catholics,

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or one of Socialists and one of Single Taxers, or one of Republicans and one of Democrats—might appoint the same day and hour and the same place for their meeting. There could be but one result—a collision of two hot-tempered crowds and the victory of the stronger. The city of New York has delegated to the police authorities power to allow or disallow meetings in its parks and processions in its streets. The leaders of the Union Square meeting asked for permission, and it was refused. To go on and hold the meeting after that refusal was as lawless as it would have been to take possession of a private beer garden without permission, or to seize on Carnegie Hall or Cooper Union for the same purpose. It might have been wiser had the authorities granted the permission. We rather think it would have been wiser. But it was refused, as a few weeks before the application of the suffragettes for permission to hold a meeting at the same place was refused. To attempt to hold the meeting after that refusal was not an assertion of the right of free speech; it was a denial of the right of the public to control its streets and parks. And that denial is not to be endured by a free people.

II. The right of free speech does not involve a right to incite men to crime. It gives Iago no right to kindle the flame of jealousy in Othello's breast; none to Antony to stir the Roman mob to "burn—fire—kill—slay." There is no law in the statute-book which a citizen may not endeavor to persuade his fellow-citizens to repeal; there is none which he may lawfully endeavor to persuade them to violate. The anti-imperialist may argue that all expenditure for a navy is not only useless but pernicious; but no one may incite his neighbor to scuttle a war-ship. The Quakers may argue that all war is wrong and that the army should be abolished; but no one may incite his neighbor to blow up an armory or assassinate a general. The Anarchist may argue that there should be no police to enforce the laws and no laws to be enforced, but he may not persuade his fellows to bomb-throwing. In short, all appeals to the reason, however unreasonable, are to be allowed; but not all appeals to the passions. So long as a speaker is endeavoring to induce men by peaceable means to change the law, he is exercising the right of free speech, however radical or even revolutionary the proposed change may be. But he is not exercising that right when he is appealing to the prejudices, exciting the passions, and inflaming the animosities of his auditors that he may incite them to violate the law. That there are both in Socialistic and in Anarchistic literature such appeals Mr. Herman Robinson made clear by his two quotations, one from Karl Marx, the other from August Bebel, given to a Socialistic gathering on Sunday night in a courageous attack upon Socialism:

Karl Marx. We content ourselves at present with laying the foundations of revolution, and shall have deserved well when we shall have excited hatred and contempt for all existing institutions. We wage war against all prevailing ideas about religion, country, state, and patriotism.

August Bebel. We want the wounds of the body social kept in a festering condition in order to allow the class distinctions to become as acute as possible.

Analogous are the utterances in La Question Sociale, which the President has ordered excluded from the mails because, to quote the President's words, it has published an article which "specially advocates the murder of enlisted men in the United States army and the officers of the police force, and the burning of the homes of private citizens."

Such utterances as these are not a discussion of a subject, they are incitements to crime. Their object is not to appeal to the reason; their object is to inflame men with passions that will for the time dethrone the reason. Such appeals to class hatred are not to be classed with arguments to change the law; they are incitements to acts of lawlessness.

There is not in English literature, and probably not in any literature, a more vigorous defense of free speech than John Milton's "Areopagitica;" and it is John Milton in his "Areopagitica" who says: "I deny not, but that it is of the greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves, as

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well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficiency and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth: and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men." The right of the country to protect itself from these dragon's teeth, whether sown by the Socialist, the Anarchist, or the yellow journal, is not inconsistent with the right of free speech, a free press, and free assemblage.

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Ship Subsidies

The question of ship subsidies comes before the country again by reason of the bill introduced into Congress by Senator Gallinger and already passed by the Senate. The avowed object of this bill is, first, to encourage the organization of American steamship lines plying between United States ports and ports of South America; and, second, to revive and foster American shipping on the high seas, which it is admitted without question compares in tonnage and quality very unfavorably with the shipping of other nations of the world. Senator Gallinger's bill is not openly a ship subsidy bill, although it is in effect. It provides for special and profitable postal contracts to certain American steamships which may be used in time of war as a naval reserve. It is understood that the general principles of the measure are approved by Secretary Root and President Roosevelt. The Outlook cannot share this approval, and urges its readers vigorously to oppose the bill. Our grounds for this attitude are briefly as follows:

In order to avoid whatever obloquy is connected with the phrase "Government subsidy," the Gallinger bill professes to pay certain Government moneys to certain American steamships that perform certain postal services. It is called a Government postal contract bill; it is in fact purely a Government subsidy bill. The money is not to be paid to any steamship performing specified services under Government regulation, but to a special and privileged class of steamships. The post-office should pay for the carrying of the mails in the same businesslike fashion that a merchant follows in paying for the transportation of his merchandise. Any other method of paying for the carriage of United States mails is a subsidy pure and simple.

The history of ship subsidies, as is pointed out by Mr. Windmüller on another page, has been one of invariable failure and disaster. The two countries of the modern world which have been most successful in building and maintaining a profitable commercial marine, Germany and England, have been most free from the noxious influence of ship subsidies.

The protective system has undoubtedly served this country as a useful industrial expedient, but public opinion to-day manifestly inclines to the belief that this system should be reduced in its operation rather than increased. Ship subsidies would form an extension instead of a reduction of the protective system.

We heartily share the desire of Secretary Root and the President that the United States should have a commercial marine equal to the best in the world, but, in our judgment, the businesslike way to build up such a marine is to permit the citizens of this country to buy their ships freely in any market, after the manner of Germany and England, not to forbid them free ships and then attempt to modify or alleviate the recognized injustice of this prohibition by paying them money damages in the form of bounty.

Last, but most important of all, the payment of ship subsidies to a special and limited class of citizens is directly contrary to the great movement for the abolition of special privilege. President Roosevelt is the acknowledged leader of this movement. He has successfully opposed special privilege in the form of railway rebates, free franchises, remitted taxes, the occupation of streets and high-

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ways without just compensation, and all the other forms of unjust corporate aggrandizement. How can he consistently, or, approving his record in this respect, how can The Outlook consistently, favor an extension of the doctrine of special privilege by which the whole people are to be taxed for the benefit of a particular class of citizens? To deny to railway corporations the profitable privilege of rebates, and at the same time to grant to steamship corporations a similar profitable privilege, is, in our judgment, poor business, poor politics, and poor ethics.

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Shall "Good Trusts" be Encouraged?

The most important work of industrial and commercial legislation now before Congress is the consideration, and we hope the passage, of the bill introduced by the National Civic Federation amending the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. If this amendment is adopted, a simple and effective method will have been found for permitting desirable and just corporate contracts, mergers, and combinations without relinquishing in the slightest degree the prohibition now existing against such combinations when they are unreasonable and unjust.

Twenty years ago, in 1887, the Inter-State Commerce Act was passed. Its object was to establish equal rights for shippers of freight, to make railway rebates criminal, and to prohibit railway pools, associations, or combinations that interfered with the principle of free competition. It was found to be effective so far as common carriers were concerned, but three years later the growth of corporations which were not common carriers became so great that the Sherman Anti-Trust Law was passed, the gist of which is found in the following sentence: "Every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy, in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States, or with foreign nations, is hereby declared to be illegal." These two great acts have been sustained by frequent decisions of the Supreme Court. They have exerted a profound influence upon American industry and commerce, and the country is unshaken in its support of the two great economic principles to which these acts give expression; namely, the abolition of special privilege and the prohibition of unjust, unreasonable, and despotic industrial combination.

Public opinion, however, has been modified very radically with regard to another principle involved in these two acts; namely, the principle of free competition as a cure for industrial or capitalistic despotism. Without at all relaxing their determination to abolish class privilege and prohibit class injustice in industry, the American people have gradually come to learn that combinations, mergers, and agreements in the development of industrial corporations are sometimes desirable for the welfare of the whole country and sometimes not. It is desirable, for instance, that the Pennsylvania Railroad should be practically one vast corporation, extending from New York to Chicago, and not a congeries or chain of independent and competing corporations. Readers of The Outlook will remember that this journal has for many years favored trade agreements and combinations, in other words, trusts, provided they are so created, and so regulated by efficient Government supervision, that they do not violate the two great principles established by the Inter-State Commerce Law and the Sherman Act. When, in the Northern Securities case, a combination of some of the great railway systems of the West was declared illegal by the Supreme Court, The Outlook welcomed the decision, not because an undesirable combination was destroyed, but because the power of the Federal Government to exercise dominant supervision over inter-State corporations under the Inter-State Commerce Law and the Sherman Act was firmly established. It may very well be believed, as we are inclined to believe, that a combination of the great railways of the Northwest might be desirable for that entire section. It may very well be believed, as we are inclined to believe, that a combination of the New Haven Railroad and the Boston and Maine Railroad into a great unified New England

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railway system may be desirable. But such combinations can be permitted only when they are submitted to effective and rigorous Government supervision. How to attain the economical and industrial advantages of just and reasonable combinations and still to avoid the evil of unjust and unfaithful trusts is the problem for which the bill of the National Civic Federation has provided so admirable a solution.

The provisions of the bill may thus be briefly stated: Any corporation or association, whether of capitalists or laborers, may register either with the Inter-State Commerce Commission or with the Bureau of Corporations. In order to register, labor and other social associations must record their charters and by-laws and name their headquarters and officers. All joint-stock corporations must give such information concerning their financial condition, their corporate proceedings, and their contracts and other agreements as may be determined by regulations prescribed from time to time by the President of the United States. Those corporations which are duly registered may make combinations, contracts, and agreements, provided they are submitted to the Government and approved by the Government. The Government has thirty days within which to disapprove of such contracts, agreements, or combinations. If the contract or combination is not thus disapproved, the Government cannot thereafter attack it except through the courts, and then only on the ground that it is an unreasonable restraint of trade; under the Sherman Law all combinations in restraint of trade, whether reasonable or unreasonable, are prohibited. Under the new method no corporation is compelled to register or to file a contract, and if for any reason a registered corporation is stricken from registry it may appeal to the courts. All corporations and associations that do not wish to avail themselves of the privileges of this plan simply remain where they are to-day, under the operation of the present law. Thus the amendment is not compulsory as regards the corporations, nor does it deprive the people of the right to proceed against corporations for unreasonable restraint of trade.

The twofold advantages of this amendment to the anti-trust law are these: It gives to the corporations the opportunity, of which they may avail themselves or not as they choose, of getting a Government examination and approval of their financial undertakings and underwritings. We should suppose that this opportunity would be one which every honest corporation manager in the country would be eager to obtain. What the power of a Government indorsement would be in appealing to the investor is obvious. In the second place, it gives the people of the country an opportunity to avail themselves of all the advantages of reasonable combination without jeopardizing their right to attack those that are unreasonable, and it provides simple but very effective machinery for determining what are reasonable and what are not.

The bill touches the important and delicate labor question in this way: It provides that trades unions and other voluntary labor associations may register with the Bureau of Corporations, thus giving them the benefit of a certain kind of official government recognition. It specifically legalizes the right to strike—a right which existed under former acts although unexpressed, but which the trades unions feared might be taken from them owing to the supposed tendency of recent Supreme Court decisions. It does not legalize the organized boycott or blacklist, leaving these weapons of labor wars to their present and probably illegal status under existing laws. The bill thus gives organized labor some definite privileges as well as organized capital, and yet preserves to the public all the protection it has had in the past.

The bill has been drawn under the general direction of Mr. Seth Low, President of the National Civic Federation, in consultation with President Roosevelt and other executive officers of the Government, with representatives of the railways and other corporations, and with representatives of organized labor. It is so direct and simple in its provisions and terms that any layman can understand it, and we urge our readers to communicate with their representatives in Congress, asking for an early and serious consideration of the measure.

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Thoughts for Lent

The fading of the sense of the reality and power of sin is the greatest peril to which men are exposed, and that peril was never greater than to-day. The early followers of Christ saw moral evil in its naked ugliness; lust and cruelty wore no disguises in the time when Paul was warning cultivated Corinthians, in one of the most beautiful cities in the world, against a vice so loathsome that it is mentioned under the breath to-day, and ruthless slaughter of the vanquished called out no protest, and spectacles in the arena were watched by Roman women of rank with no sense of repugnance. The early lovers of Christ saw the uncovered vileness of evil and learned to hate it as a defilement of the home, the state, and the church.

Only a few decades passed, however, before the insidious teaching of some Oriental religions began to blur the sharp moral outlines, to efface the vital moral distinctions, to dull the keen moral sense. The process of life, they said, was the unfolding of an idea, not the development of a character; evil was an incident in an impersonal evolution, a stage of imperfect growth. Against this destructive teaching, which struck at the root of Christ's conception of life, the early teachers and leaders made the fight which saved Western civilization. In our time, as in every time when moral energy subsides and moral impulses are weakened, that insidious peril has returned. The ancient practice of older races, the reaction against narrow religious ideas and arbitrary moral rules, the downward sag which comes with luxury, the diversion of interest from the heavenly vision, the preoccupation with pressing work, the withdrawal of the more hideous forms of sin into secret places, the decency of external life in civilized communities, the policing of the world, and the general prevalence of order—all these conditions have combined to lull the moral sense, dull the conscience, and bring in a false feeling of security. As a matter of fact, sin was never more insidious and corrupting than to-day, and its tragedies were probably never so numerous or so heartbreaking. The most searching and convincing preaching of its hideousness comes, not from the pulpits, but from the newspapers, whose function is to make a plain record of fact. The most unnatural forms of vice are still practiced, and sometimes in high places; lust destroys families by the thousands under the protection of our immoral divorce laws; violence prevails to an almost incredible degree; dishonesty fills the journals with daily reports of trusts betrayed and swindles on a great scale perpetrated by men of financial and social respectability. This is one side of the shield. There is another and beautiful side. The world is less brutal, sensual, and cruel than it used to be; but evil was never more active, destructive, and hateful.

The story of the temptation has a startling message for our time; and Lent, from Ash Wednesday to Easter, is a terrible exposure of the reality, power, and hideousness of evil, the poison that distills death into the cup of life. The figure of the tempter is the personification of this destructive force in life, and Gethsemane and Calvary are the revelations of its deadly and hateful power. It did not spare even the Christ, but waylaid him on the threshold of a career which was to set the beauty of holiness in immortal contrast to the vileness of sin. There they stand in the solitude of the desert—the Christ and the tempter, good and evil, Heaven and Hell, in that tremendous antagonism which is the mystery and tragedy of life.

The gates of Heaven and Hell are not far apart: they are so near at hand that at any moment a man may put out his hand and open either. Every temptation sets the gate to sin ajar; every resistance opens the gate to purity and strength. The tempter is never alone; an angel always stands beside him; and to turn from the one is to come into company with the other. So a man chooses the evil or the good; so he decides hour by hour whither he will go. The moment of his danger is always the moment of his possible victory; to turn away from the tempter is to open the gate of blessedness. Therefore it is written that when the Christ had resisted the tempter, on the instant angels ministered to him.

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THE REVIVAL OF SHIP SUBSIDIES

BY LOUIS WINDMÜLLER

THE New York Chamber of Commerce, on motion of Mr. Gustave Schwab, has recently adopted this resolution:

That the Chamber approve of the Bills S. 28, introduced by Mr. Gallinger, and H. R. 4,068, introduced by Mr. Humphrey, authorizing the Postmaster-General to pay for ocean mail service, under the Act of March 3, 1891, in vessels of the second class on routes across the Pacific Ocean, or to ports of the South Atlantic four thousand miles or more in length, outward voyage, at a rate per mile not exceeding the rate applicable to vessels of the first class, as provided in said Act.

He added the following argument:

The Secretary of State on his return from South America made certain observations with regard to the measures that he considered necessary to cultivate and expand our relations with South American Republics, and recommended among other things the establishment of fast mail steamers as being necessary to that end. The Chamber at that time adopted a resolution favoring the report of the Secretary of State for higher mail pay to secure the running of fast steamers to South America.

We send no American steamers to South America. One half of our mail is carried by second-rate foreign vessels direct, while the other half goes by first-class foreign steamers via England; this portion arrives in a little more than three weeks, with equal rapidity and greater regularity.

Our merchants would heartily welcome a direct line of first-class steamers to the South American continent; but the law which Mr. Schwab recommends would not create this "desideratum." It would, however, benefit the existing Pacific Mail Steamship Company Lines, as the text shows:

To amend the Act of March third, eighteen hundred and ninety-one, entitled "An Act to provide for ocean mail service between the United States and foreign ports and to promote commerce."

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Postmaster-General is hereby authorized to pay for ocean mail service under the Act of March third, eighteen hundred and ninety-one, in vessels of the second class on routes across the Pacific Ocean, or to ports of the South Atlantic four thousand miles or more in length, outward voyage, at a rate per mile not exceeding the rate applicable to vessels of the first class, as provided in said Act.

Rabelais said that the easiest and most honorable way to get money is to steal it outright. He allowed his readers to infer that ill-gotten goods seldom prosper.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company obtained in 1865 an annual subsidy of $500,000 for the monthly carriage of our mail across the Pacific Ocean. Prior to 1865 this company was well managed and paid large dividends. Simultaneously with the inception of a subvention the service of the company became slovenly. Officers, instead of attending to their business, gambled in the shares in Wall Street, and before long the company was obliged to stop the payment of dividends.

President Stockwell attributed this deplorable condition to the insufficiency of its subsidy. He obtained by very questionable methods, well known to expert lobbyists, an annual increase of $500,000, for which he promised a bi-monthly service, in new steamers of four thousand tons, across the Pacific.

Before one of them was put in commission, and while the financial condition of the company was embarrassed by the panic of 1873, a Congressional investigation into its affairs was ordered. It found that the company had secured contracts by fraud and misrepresentation. It had spent about a million, or a sum sufficient to build more than one of the requisite steamers, in bribing legislators to vote for the subventions. When their guilt was proven, these "honorable" men, including Postmaster King, disappeared. The original grant of $500,000 was paid until its expiration in 1875.

Some twenty-five years before this occurred, the Collins Line made a contract for the first American mail subsidy. Built of live-oak, with paddle side-wheels, these steamers were better and faster than their British competitors. But when, on their assurance that they could

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not continue without government aid, the annual grant of $385,000 was increased to $858,000, disaster overtook them, and the service became inefficient. The Arctic was lost in 1854; the Pacific mysteriously disappeared from the ocean on the way from Liverpool, and never was heard from. When the subvention was discontinued in 1858, the company failed and the remaining steamers were sold.

Other American subsidies and those granted by the French Government may not all have led to results equally disastrous, but they all led to extravagance and neglect; none to the expected prosperity.

The French pay, besides subsidies, premiums on the construction of French ships; their ocean liners are commanded by French navy officers. This policy was adopted years ago, yet the French merchant marine is in a pitiful state of decadence.

When lobbyists claim that the maritime success of England, Germany, and Norway is due to subventions, they are mistaken. Less than five per cent of the gross tonnage controlled on the high seas by these three nations receives any subsidy, and the compensation for mail carriage is measured by the rendered service. The assertion that Great Britain obtained control of the sea by the subsidies it paid is ridiculous.

It is about sixty years since Yankee ships were acknowledged to be the best and American tonnage exceeded the British on the high seas; then the English people recognized already that their navigation laws had become antiquated. Originating about 1400 in a proclamation by King Richard II that, under penalty of forfeiture, British merchandise could be transported only in British vessels, this selfish decree had been supplemented by a thousand similar more or less contradictory ordinances, until the whole batch of navigation laws became a nuisance.

In 1849 the tax on foreign ships was abolished, and British merchants bought ships wherever they could get the best on the most advantageous terms. Shrewd London merchants ordered clippers for their East India trade on the coast of Maine, because there they could procure for long voyages the stanchest and swiftest vessels.

Supremacy of the English flag was established on the ocean when free trade in ships was promulgated.

There are seven seafaring nations, each of which controls more than a million tons of the forty millions which comprise the mercantile marine of the world, as the following table furnished by our Commissioner of Navigation shows:

Flag.	Total Tonnage.
British	18,320,668
German	4,110,562
American (U. S.)	2,728,711
French	1,761,783
Norwegian	1,918,531
Italian	1,219,409
Japanese	1,071,876

Great Britain, with eighteen million tons, controls forty-five per cent of the world's tonnage, and outranks the rest.

We possess the longest coast line and the best harbors of the temperate zone, yet our tonnage does not equal Germany's, and exceeds Norway's by eight hundred thousand tons only! Such seaports as San Francisco, New York, Boston, and Portland harbor more foreign-built than any other ships; where we see the American flag flying, it has been hoisted by the courtesy of British captains!

Of the four steamers of the American Line, two only, the St. Louis and St. Paul, were built in Philadelphia; by special dispensation the owners were allowed to obtain the other two in Scotland. The same privilege is enjoyed by owners of such pleasure yachts as Mr. Morgan's Corsair; the flag they carry is the American Yacht flag. When we want to see genuine American bunting float over American craft, we must go to Chicago or Duluth. President Roosevelt's steam yacht, the Mayflower, was built in England and purchased when Mr. Goelet abandoned it.

Our navigation law, modeled after the English, provides that only ships built within the United States and owned by our citizens may engage in foreign and coastwise commerce.

This unjust and unintelligent navigation law should be repealed. In any event, the restrictions which make nugatory the apparent free admission of building materials should be abrogated.

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A glance at the following paragraph from our tariff law will show how complicated and ineffective is the clause professing to provide for free building material:

All materials of foreign production which may be necessary for the construction of vessels built in the United States for foreign account and ownership or for the purpose of being employed in the foreign trade, including the trade between the Atlantic and Pacific ports of the United States, and all such materials necessary for the building of their machinery, and all articles necessary for their outfit and equipment, after the passage of this Act, may be imported in bond under such regulations as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe; and upon proof that such materials have been used for such purposes, no duties shall be paid thereon. But vessels receiving the benefit of this section shall not be allowed to engage in the coastwise trade of the United States more than two months in any one year except upon the payment to the United States of the duties of which a rebate is herein allowed; Provided, That vessels built in the United States for foreign account and ownership shall not be allowed to engage in the coastwise trade of the United States.

Sections 1,152, 1,621, 1,637, 1,872—Free.

Even with free ships we may not be able to compete at once with British shipbuilding. But gradually the higher cost of American labor would be equalized by the greater skill of American mechanics, and Britannia would find that she would have to share the honor of ruling the waves with Columbia.

In case of war, ships become bulwarks of their respective nations. When we can predominate the ocean as once we did to our glory, we need no longer fear a foe.

The increase of German tonnage and the improvement of German shipyards dates from the initiation of German free trade in ships and ship material. The Hamburg-American Line, which controls one-tenth of the whole German mercantile marine, obtains more ships from the Clyde than from Stettin.

Mr. Schwab, who now advocates, through the Chamber of Commerce, a revival of subsidies, told us in December, 1889, through the Reform Club, that "extravagance and failure had been the result of all the subsidies we granted. By them we have not alone lost the Nation's money, but we have ruined those who persuaded us to grant them."

LETTERS FROM A WORKINGMAN

VI—SPIES IN THE SHOP

BY AN AMERICAN MECHANIC

DEAR JIM: For several days we have known that the doings at our secret conferences were being reported to the office. They knew about our proposition for arbitrating the strike before our committee reached the shop. It was quite evident that there was a spy among us, and we were sure that he was a member of our executive committee. Hutchins quietly got to work, and by a process of elimination he narrowed the thing down to two men. Last night we got the fellow. I need not tell you how it was done, only to say the evidence was "found" in his room. I am a member of the executive committee, so I saw the goods. It seems this chap is in the employ of a detective bureau. A big bunch of correspondence gave away the whole thing, or at least enough of it to indicate to us how the plan is worked. He was hired by this concern at one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month and expenses. The amount of wages that he received from the shop was to be deducted from this. Daily he was to send a report to his superintendent at headquarters, giving certain detailed information as to what went on in the shop and in the meetings of the labor union. He was instructed to have himself elected to office and appointed on important committees in the labor union. And he was to use his influence against our Grand Lodge officers. For instance, here is a circular-letter which we discovered:

To Operators Everywhere:

You will hear read in the Lodge room in the next few days a referendum vote limiting

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the term of the Grand Lodge officers to two terms. If it is carried it will put O'Connell and his gang out, they having already served more than the required number of years.

We desire that you do all you can, in any way that you will not be suspicioned, to get the members to vote YES. Also keep this office informed all the time as to the habits of all Grand Lodge officers and business agents. If they drink, how much. Also their attitude towards the fair sex. This is important.

As soon as you read this, return it to this office, so that we will know none of them got away.

The chap was evidently not very particular about returning his letters of instruction. He was never addressed by name. He was always greeted as "Dear N. 47." No one in the shop was supposed to know that he was a spy, not even the boss himself. The letters were usually signed by "Hercules," who is "the President" of the Detective Agency.

Here is one from a concern in Cleveland, which has been sent out to large employers:

Dear Sir:

This Service makes a specialty of handling labor troubles, either existing or contemplated.

We break strikes in all parts of the United States and Canada, and are prepared to submit a list of references from manufacturers and others who have employed us during the past five years.

We have in our employ experienced guards for the protection of life and property during strikes and lockouts. These men are all over six feet in height, and selected for their ability to handle this class of work. All have seen strike service, many hold State and city police commissions, and should not be confounded with guards furnished by our imitators and recruited from slums of the cities.

We furnish secret operatives of all trades, *Union* or *Non-union*, for work in mill, mine, factory, store, etc., for the purpose of securing inside information.

Is your shop being unionized?

Is your output being restricted?

Is the union running your shop?

Is material being wasted or stolen?

Have you a "shop committee," and who are they?

Do your foremen show favoritism?

Are you losing castings in your foundry?

Do you care to know what is being done at union meetings?

Let us place a mechanic operative with you, and find out.

In handling strikes we take entire charge of the same, furnish necessary guards to protect men while at work or escort them to and from work if boarding outside.

We employ, transport, and deliver non-union men to fill up affected plants.

We charge no premium on such mechanics, but employ them at prices per day you wish to pay them, charging only for the actual time agent may be engaged in securing them.

Men employed by us will be taken to affected plant by our guards and safely delivered, and strikers not permitted to molest them.

We have found from experience that strikes are broken quickest where new men are boarded inside or adjacent to affected plant, and we are prepared to fit up and maintain temporary boarding quarters, furnishing colored cooks, waiters, etc. Our captains are thoroughly competent to handle such boarding quarters, making same practically self-sustaining. Sanitary arrangements are successfully looked after, and nothing is allowed to go to waste.

Secret men attend all meetings and report proceedings. This service possesses the necessary equipment, such as Winchester rifles, police clubs, cots, blankets, etc., to handle any sized trouble. We are represented in all of the larger cities of the United States and Canada, and a representative will call on you free of charge upon request.

The spy's instructions were to watch the foreman and the superintendent as well as the men. The "personal" letters consisted, for the most part, of lessons in a certain kind of shop economics, quotations from such celebrated political economists as Elbert Hubbard, and a general exaltation of the spy system as against a square, up-and-down, man-to-man talk about matters concerning which there may be an honest difference of opinion between the boss and his men. The "President" tries to make the miserable Judas believe that he is doing a noble service both to the employer and the employee by carrying nasty little tales about matters which he may easily misunderstand, and in which affairs the fellow gossiped about has absolutely no chance for squaring himself. "No matter how humble his occupation may be," says the "President" concerning his inspector, "he is nevertheless an essential factor in the great engine of human progress."

Frequently references are made to court decisions against organized labor. These are to be talked about at the noon hour among the men. As workingmen do not read very much, the writer says,

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the inspector is instructed to direct their thoughts into "right channels," which mean always against the labor leader. Socialism, the limitation of output, loafing, the value of the piece-work system, and all the "evils" of trades-unionism are treated in little sermonettes, which are covered over by a slick hypocrisy that is positively disgusting.

The spy did not deny that he was connected with the Detective Agency. He couldn't, very well, because we also had some letters which commended him for the work that he had done, here and elsewhere.

This whole matter has made the men feel bitter. Whatever measure of confidence they had in the old man before the strike has disappeared. There really had been no hard feeling against him among the men. They rather blamed the Assistant Super for the troubles that they have gotten into. We know that he has been lying about us. For instance, we were told that he said to the old man that we were not receiving any strike benefit, and that we could not possibly hold out very long. He knew better. Why should he feel it necessary to misrepresent matters? If only we could get directly at the old man himself, we could easily straighten out most of our troubles, because I'm pretty sure that he'd give us a square deal.

Yours, SAM.

THE CUSTOMS AND THE PEOPLE

BY LYMAN BEECHER STOWE

AMONG the returning travelers on one of the great ocean liners some few years ago were a man and his wife, residents of one of our large Western cities, millionaires, social leaders, and philanthropists. On the steamer they received from the employees the obsequious attention which comes of liberal tipping, from their fellow-passengers the distinguished consideration which the combination of wealth and social position is sure to bring, particularly if it be surrounded by the halo of the reputation for substantial philanthropy. Before landing they swore to having nothing dutiable, and went on to the pier with the good-natured impatience of people who must submit to bothersome formalities. When the inspector politely insisted upon opening their trunks they were somewhat incensed, and when, with courteous deprecation, he suggested that the bottoms of the trunks were suspiciously near the tops, they assumed an attitude of righteous indignation. The inspector, however, did his duty, and found that several of their dozen or more trunks had false bottoms under which were packed thousands of dollars' worth of new, costly, and highly dutiable goods. This discovery led to a more than usually severe scrutiny of the wearing apparel of the "great lady," with the result that she was found to have false linings in her clothes in which were secreted small silver spoons, pins, bracelets, and other jewelry. The consequences of these discoveries were highly painful to the respectable couple and disagreeable to the officials, and need not here be detailed. The seizures, being of so great importance, were immediately called to the personal attention of one of the chief officials of the port. His wife had a few months before visited in the city in which these people lived, and he recalled that she had mentioned meeting them socially. That night he asked her if she remembered Mrs. So-and-So, and, if so, what sort of a woman she was. She enthusiastically described her as a woman of great charm, a social leader in the city, and a philanthropist of uncommon generosity and executive ability. That this case was in the nature of an every-day occurrence, or even typical, the writer does not wish to imply, but that it was not phenomenally exceptional any one familiar with the Customs will agree.

We are accustomed roughly to divide the people of this country into the "best people," the great company of the respectable unknown, and the lawbreakers or

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criminals. It is generally assumed that the first two classes make the laws and the criminals break them. This popular conception is somewhat shattered by a study of the customs laws and their breaking. No particular class of people monopolizes this form of lawlessness, and the "best people," proportionate to their numbers, do their full share. The very simple explanation of this is presumably that these particular laws are the ones with which the most prosperous class in the community come most often into conflict. Very naturally, people of culture and refinement are not strongly tempted to get drunk in public places, to gamble in low dives, to burglarize, or to consort in disreputable places. Their tastes and habits are ranged on the side of law and order, and as a natural result they come to look upon laws and ordinances as restrictions necessary for regulating the conduct of the less desirable citizens. Their tastes and habits do, however, lead them to wish to bring home from Europe art treasures, clothes, and household furnishings upon which they naturally do not relish the payment of duties. Having no aristocracy to monopolize special privileges in this country, such privileges are seized by the strongest, and the strongest are apt to be among those whom we call the "best people." Until 1901 or thereabouts it was not a difficult matter, if one knew the ropes, to obtain special privileges in entering the port of New York. And much of the trouble which confronts the customs officials of to-day is a heritage of the complicity in lawlessness of the officials of a decade ago.

The large and systematic smuggling operations, in distinction from the casual evasions of the law, are very naturally carried on by business people. The chief offenders are the dressmakers; next come the milliners, and then the jewelers. Smuggling, too, is characteristic or otherwise of certain steamship lines. The French lines are most prolific in smugglers, the American lines come next, while on the Scandinavian steamers there are practically none. Ships sailing from London, Liverpool, and Paris must always be most closely watched. By order of Mr. Cortelyou when he first became Secretary of the Treasury, the form of declaration for dutiable goods was slightly changed. Passengers are now given blanks upon which to enumerate their dutiable articles shortly after sailing, and have the entire time of the voyage in which to make out this statement. Neither do they, as formerly, have to swear to the accuracy of their declarations. The result of this change has been interesting psychologically. A larger proportion of dutiable goods is declared under this system than when the passengers were called upon to declare under oath, immediately before landing, all dutiable articles. The giving of so long a time for the declarations apparently not only enables the honest to remember more accurately what they have, but also gives the consciences of the less honest more chance to come into play. It is apparently easier to tell a lie in a minute than a week. These declarations have at the bottom a numbered slip which is torn off by the inspector on the ship and handed to the passenger. This number the passenger presents at the inspector's desk on the pier, and awaits his turn to have his baggage inspected.

The law permits every traveler to bring into the country foreign purchases to the value of one hundred dollars; duties varying from forty to sixty per cent of the appraiser's valuation must be paid on all goods in excess of this amount. Foreign residents, on the other hand, may bring anything necessary for the comfort or convenience of their journey in accordance with their station in life. By this curiously undemocratically worded regulation a woman of great wealth and social position may bring in fifteen or eighteen trunks filled with the most costly wardrobe, while a more modest person would be called in question for attempting to bring in only a small fraction of such luxuries. This, however, is a sentimental consideration, and the common sense and honesty of the inspectors appear to be sufficient to prevent unjust discrimination. The really unjust portion of the regulation lies in the looseness of the definition of the term "foreign resident." Any person who has rented or owned an abode of

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whatever description in any foreign country for a year may claim the exemptions of the foreign resident regulation. This, naturally, has led a large number of rich people to rent apartments in Europe, in which they never or infrequently live, for the express purpose of bringing articles into this country free of duty. This law is taken particular advantage of by the globe-trotting, lavishly extravagant rich who contribute nothing to the welfare of any country. The peculiar injustice of this regulation, in its actual operation, is that it exempts from the payment of duty those who are best able to pay.

Persons who have a friend at court, or whose business is of a public character, can and usually do obtain what is known as an official expedite, or the courtesy of the port. This means simply that such persons, instead of being required to wait for their turn, shall have their baggage inspected immediately and shall receive any other special courtesy which the officials can grant them without injustice to the other passengers.

There is, however, a very widespread misconception that this official expedite gives to the fortunate possessor the power to bring in dutiable goods to any quantity free of duty This popular misconception was strikingly shown a year or two ago, when there landed from one of the fast steamers a handsome young woman who, as said the inspectors who had the misfortune to encounter her, had the general air of owning the United States, the Custom-House, and all the Government officials. It was found that she was the daughter of a United States Senator, and that she had the courtesy of the port. She was highly indignant when it was suggested that she must wait to have her fifteen trunks examined; and when, as a result of the examination, she was told that she must pay several thousand dollars in duty, she was so enraged as to be quite beside herself. She immediately telegraphed to her father in Washington that she had been grossly insulted at the New York Custom-House. The next day the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury appeared at the Custom-House with fire in his eye and demanded a full explanation of this inexplicable conduct on the part of the customs officials. When he learned, however, that the young woman had attempted to bring in thousands of dollars' worth of dutiable goods without declaring anything, he returned to Washington as speedily as he had come, and nothing further was heard of the case. The duty was paid.

The principal achievement of the customs officials of late was the breaking up last summer of the largest dressmaking smuggling syndicate of recent years. A large number of dressmaking firms engaged the agent of one to smuggle in dresses from Paris. How long this practice was successfully carried on no one can tell, but finally, as a result presumably of internal dissension, Deputy Surveyor Bishop began to receive anonymous letters warning him to be on the lookout for a certain dressmaker's agent. Consequently, when this man next landed he received the special attention given to a "suspect," but was found to have nothing dutiable either in his trunks or on his person. The inspectors were on the point of concluding that the anonymous letters were the result of spite only, as is frequently the case, when their suspicions were aroused by the actions of a woman, a passenger on the same steamer, who wished her trunks bonded to Troy, New York. Goods which are sent in bond are inspected on arrival at their destination instead of by the inspectors at the port of entrance. Something in this particular woman's bearing (inspectors become shrewd judges of human nature) led the officials to suspect her honesty. On being closely questioned she became alarmed, and acknowledged that the trunks were not hers. Immediately they were opened, and found to contain dress goods of very great value newly purchased in Paris. This was the first link in a chain of events which led to the arrest of a large group of people, both agents and principals, of whom a considerable number will probably land eventually in the penitentiary.

This woman was an exception to the rule both among amateurs, who simply try to evade the law, and professional women smugglers. Almost invariably women assert their innocence with increasing vehemence until the last gun is

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fired, while men are apt to surrender when they feel sure they are to be caught. A woman inspector, who acts as a searcher, told the writer that not long ago a rather showily dressed woman of fashion was found to have pins concealed in her cloak, and as a result was taken to a stateroom to be searched. Before starting the search the inspector requested her to produce the dutiable goods, so as to forestall both the disgrace to herself and an unpleasant duty for the searcher. Instead of complying, however, she wrathfully reasserted her innocence, and the search was made. Her clothes were found to have false linings throughout, in which light jewelry of very considerable value was secreted. This was not an exceptional but a typical case. The women almost never surrender to the inevitable.

Not long ago a fashionable woman of fine appearance and gracious manners arrived with her daughter. The girl's eyes were closed and her mother was leading her. She led her up to the acting deputy surveyor in charge and explained that her daughter had recently gone blind and was in so dangerously nervous and hysterical a state that, as a special favor, she wished they would pass her trunks through without inspection because she feared that the excitement of having her trunks gone through might do her daughter serious injury. After very genuine expressions of regret and sympathy, the acting deputy directed one of the uniformed inspectors to make as swift and inconspicuous an inspection of these particular trunks as was possible. The trunks were found full of dutiable goods, both mother and daughter flew into a temper, and the daughter's eyesight miraculously returned.

Last fall a very nice-looking young woman, with the manners of a lady, came home after studying music for two years in Paris. She had with her three trunks, two of which obviously contained her legitimate wardrobe, but the third was of the variety used by dressmakers, and contained a bridal outfit and a mourning dress. The value of the contents of this trunk was between six and seven thousand dollars. The young woman appeared to be in modest circumstances, and the clothes in the other two trunks were of an inexpensive nature. She claimed, of course, the foreign resident immunity, but the question arose as to whether she really owned the contents of the dressmaker's trunk. Since she did not answer in a satisfactory manner the questions asked her on the pier, this trunk was sent to the storage-house and she was requested to appear the next day and make satisfactory explanations. Instead of appearing herself the next day she sent one of the most prominent lawyers in New York, who reported that she had engaged him as her counsel. He said that she was unable to accompany him, as she was suffering from nervous shock as a result of the severe questioning to which she had been subjected the day before. This nervous shock has never worn off, so that the customs officials have never been able to get her to appear again, but they have succeeded in securing her measurements and find that the dresses in the suspected trunk are considerably too large for her. The mourning gown is presumably of the right size for the rich widow with whom she is visiting in this city. Through her counsel the officials have asked her if she brought the bridal outfit for herself and if she intends to be married. She replies that she does intend to be married, but she is either unable or unwilling to say when or to whom. Her case is still pending, and it is not difficult to see how it will turn out.

It will be remembered that at the time of President McKinley's funeral all business was suspended for the five minutes during which his coffin was being lowered into the grave. At that time the passengers of a large French steamer were having their baggage examined. Of course the examination was stopped and all the men uncovered. A very large man, standing conspicuously in the center of the dock, did not remove his silk hat. One of the inspectors, acting as a detective in civilian's clothes, stole up behind this imposing gentleman and tipped his hat off with an umbrella. A dozen silver spoons clattered on to the pier.

Not long ago a New York woman

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successfully smuggled in a considerable number of dresses for a dressmaker in New York City, and later had an altercation with the man which led him to refuse to pay her for the service. She was outraged and wished to sue him, and this, for the first time, brought the matter to her husband's attention. Her husband, a professional man, immediately reported the entire transaction to the customs officials. In fact, such differences of opinion, dissensions, bickerings, and jealousies between conspirators frequently lead to the disclosure of the transactions to the customs officers. Apparently the customs lawbreakers are too respectable to be restrained by the "honor among thieves."

Some time ago the customs officials received an anonymous letter warning them that a certain Irishman was proposing to bring in on a particular steamer some trunks filled with dutiable goods. When he arrived, he was given the unusual attention which is showered upon suspects, but nothing dutiable was found in his baggage. An old Irish inspector, who has for many years acted as a detective, on his own initiative shadowed this man to a Harlem saloon, where he heard him recount in the Irish language to some associates how he had fooled the New York customs officials. He gave all the details, and told to what address the trunks of dutiable goods had been taken. Very shortly after this boastful recital his trunks were in the storage-house and he was in jail.

Not long ago a woman came off a steamer at noon wearing a ball dress. When asked by an inspector why she wore a ball dress in the daytime, she replied that she wore it to keep it from creasing and to keep the dust off it. On the same steamer was another woman whose skirt and waist failed to meet by about two inches. She indignantly denied the suggestion that they might not have been made for her.

Having heard a good deal about rudeness and unnecessary severity on the part of the customs inspectors, the writer went out on a revenue cutter one morning and came in on one of the great French liners so as to observe the procedure and the treatment of the passengers by the customs officers from first to last. More uniform courtesy and patience than was shown by the officials could hardly be imagined. This struck the writer as the more remarkable when he found that most of the men, after being on duty till nearly midnight the night before, had had to report for duty again at 7:30 that morning. Further, it appeared that this was nothing unusual; the hours of customs inspectors are nominally seven to six during the summer and seven to five during the winter, but they are so frequently called upon for overtime work, without compensation, that their hours (that is, the time they are on duty) average over twelve daily in the course of a year. In the rush season their hours of duty rise to between fifteen and sixteen a day, one hundred and ten hours a week not being unusual. The baggage inspectors are not a separate class of inspectors, but are men with good records picked from the regular work of discharging ships. On this regular mercantile work all overtime is paid for by the ship-owners, but for overtime for baggage inspection there is no compensation of any description. Formerly the passenger steamship companies paid for overtime just as do the mercantile companies today. Some few years ago, however, when the record-breaking fever was first rampant, powerful ship interests appealed to the Secretary of the Treasury to permit them to dock at any time of day or night without charge for overtime. The Secretary finally granted their request, and issued an order that the inspectors should receive two hours off for every hour of extra service thus incurred. He increased the force by some forty or fifty men, to make it possible to handle this extra work. During the next year the inspectors received their two hours off for their hours of overtime semi-occasionally—that is, whenever it was possible to give it to them without injuring the service. The next year, however, Congress refused to make an appropriation sufficient to retain the extra men, so that the force was reduced to its original number. After this it was never possible to give the men their two hours off for each hour of overtime. As a final result,

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then, they have ever since had overtime work entirely without compensation either in time or money.

Now that the steamship companies are not obliged to pay for docking after hours, the captains do not trouble themselves to decide until the last minute whether they will dock at night or wait until morning. The result is that a quota of inspectors are not infrequently kept waiting at the Barge Office until ten or eleven o'clock at night for a steamer which may "come up" before midnight, and then, at the last moment, the captain sends word that he has decided not to dock until morning. Steamers sometimes dock as late as midnight, in which case the inspectors cannot finish their work before 1:30 or thereabouts. They must report for duty again between seven and eight in the morning. Most of them live at least an hour's journey from the Barge Office. It must be remembered also that they work seven days a week, holidays included. They are paid five dollars a day. A man receives his five dollars the first day that he is on duty, and no more after forty years of service. The only return for good work is more work. If a man does barely well enough to escape removal, he is given as little work as possible; but if he proves himself unusually intelligent and valuable, he is continually liable to special and extra assignments which require exceptional intelligence and exacting effort. It speaks well for human nature that there are in the service a considerable number of men who pride themselves on making a record in spite of these conditions.

Somewhat recently the pay for inspectors was raised from four to five dollars a day. Under the four-dollar régime the men who put in expense vouchers for extra work, which involved outlay, if they were both lucky and persistent, generally received their expense money in time; but the difficulty in getting it was so great and the delay so long that, as a general thing, they did not even make the attempt unless their expenses had been unusually heavy. In lieu of the increase of a dollar a day no expense vouchers are now permitted, so that a man who is assigned to duties which involve expense is just that much out of pocket.

By another comparatively new rule, no man is eligible for an inspectorship unless he has served as a clerk in the Custom-House for at least two years, and has there been advanced to a salary of $1,200 a year or thereabouts. This apparently wise regulation, designed to secure men not altogether green, has been curiously perverted in some instances. When a chief in the Custom-House finds himself saddled with a clerk who is too dull to be very serviceable but who is at the same time too conscientious and exemplary in his habits to be disposed of under the civil service regulations, he promotes him to the requisite salary and then has him transferred to an inspectorship at another large increase in salary. This results in placing a premium upon moderate inefficiency upon the candidates for inspectorships as well as upon the inspectors themselves.

It does not require a master-mind to see that certain changes are obviously needed in the baggage inspection bureau of the New York Custom-House. There should be a sliding scale of remuneration for inspectors, beginning with a minimum and ending with a maximum wage. No inspector is worth to the Government five dollars a day when he begins his work. The services of some inspectors are never worth that amount, no matter how long they serve, while others are very much underpaid at the end of a few years. If all were started at a minimum wage and were then promoted for meritorious work, the efficiency of the service would not be, as now, entirely dependent upon the individual's fondness for work for work's sake. The force of inspectors should, too, be very considerably increased. The amount of business has increased enormously during the last quarter-century, while the force of men who must handle it has been enlarged only very slightly. Either there should be day and night shifts, or overtime work should be paid for by the steamship companies, as is the case at the present time with all ships other than passenger steamers. There should be a voucher system by which a man could readily and easily

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collect such outlays as he is forced to make in the performance of his duty. At present the most honorable and efficient men are really paid less than their less desirable associates, because they are assigned to more work which requires expense. Instead of being recompensed for extra work, they are penalized for it. Another obviously needed reform is that the term "foreign resident" should be so defined as to exclude, so far as is possible, the large number of pseudo-foreign residents who are now availing themselves of the foreign-resident privilege. Further, if Custom-House clerks are to be allowed promotion to inspectorships, it is plainly no more than just that inspectors should be allowed promotion to the higher Custom-House clerkships—those which pay salaries larger than inspectorships. This would not only be just, but would give the inspectors a strong stimulus for good work. When the writer became acquainted with the conditions under which the inspectors are now working, the complaints which he, in common with all others, had heard about their rude severity with travelers reminded him of the sign over the organ loft in a little frontier church which read, "Gents will please not to shoot at the organist. He is doing his best!"

That there was considerable room for unfavorable criticism of the customs officials prior to 1901 there seems little question. At that time Mr. Bishop, the present deputy surveyor in charge of the bureau of baggage inspection, came into office and started in with a vigorous house-cleaning. Within a very few weeks he discharged seven inspectors for taking money on the pier. Since the men were naturally on their guard because of the new "boss," this shows how prevalent was the custom. In most cases it is probable that money is offered rather in a spirit of good-fellowship than with the intent of bribery. Most rich people are in the habit of tipping lavishly when they travel, and in the first flush of getting home it is very natural that they should offer money to the inspectors. Since instant discharge has become the penalty of detection for taking money on the pier the practice has practically stopped altogether. Federal agents in civilian's clothes, who are unknown by sight to the inspectors, are always on the watch for bribers and bribe-takers. The honor system is not used by the Government. If a traveler wishes to send an inspector a present later on, and if the inspector is willing, there is no way of preventing it, but this practice involves too much trouble on the part of the giver to constitute a serious or frequent evil.

An inspector was commended not long ago by the Surveyor-General for threatening to "smash" a showy individual who first tried to smuggle in a lot of dutiable goods, and then, when detected, tried to bribe the inspector with a large roll of bills. This incident shows that the Surveyor-General appreciates a good thing when he hears of it, even though it violates the fine points of Christian ethics. A good deal of the attempted evasion, smuggling and bribery of to-day is the inevitable heritage of the laxity of yesterday, and will in the natural course of events tend to lessen. When all is said, however, the fact that the conditions of entrance at this port are such as to cause attempted and more or less successful violation of the law on the part of all classes in the community, from the lowest to the highest, is food for serious reflection. If the laws are not supported by public opinion, is it not asking too much of any officials to enforce them strictly? If they cannot be enforced, does it not show that there is something radically wrong with them? And certainly, whatever may be one's opinion on tariffs in general, no citizen interested in the art development of our country can feel much enthusiasm for the duty on works of art.

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SOMEBODY'S LITTLE GIRL[1]

BY MARTHA YOUNG

IN TWO PARTS—II

ONE day the little children were playing at building rock chimneys.

There was not much sand there for little children to play in, so that the children often built rock chimneys, and rock tables, and rock fences.

As they were playing, one little girl suddenly left the playground and ran, calling, "Mamma! Mamma! Come here; come this way, and see the chimney we have built!"

Bessie Bell turned quickly from play and looked after the little girl who was running across the playground to where three ladies were standing.

The little girl caught the dress of one of the ladies, and came pulling at her dress and bringing her across the ground to see the stone chimney, and the little girl kept saying:

"Look, Mamma! See, Mamma! Isn't it a grand chimney? Won't it 'most hold smoke?"

Bessie Bell stood still with her little hands—they were beginning to be round, pink little hands again, now—clasped in front of her and wondered.

"See, Mamma! Look, Mamma!" cried the little girl.

"Why does she say, Mamma?" asked Bessie Bell, because she just wondered and wondered—and she did not know.

"Because it *is* her Mamma," said a child who had just brought two more rocks to put on the chimney.

"Oh," said Bessie Bell.

That lady who *was* the little girl's Mamma looked much as all the ladies looked.

"Are all Ladies Mammas?" asked Bessie Bell.

She hoped the child who had brought the two rocks would not laugh, for Bessie Bell knew she would cry if she did.

The little girl did not laugh at all. She was trying so carefully to put the last rock on top of the stone chimney, she said, "No, Bessie Bell: some are Mammas, and some are only just Ladies."

There. There it was again: Only-Just-Ladies.

Bessie Bell wondered how to tell which were Mammas and which were Ladies—just Ladies.

Very often after that day she watched those who passed the cabin where she and Sister Helen Vincula lived, and wondered which were Mammas—

And which were Ladies.

There was no rule of old or young by which Bessie Bell could tell.

Nor was it as one could tell Sisters from Just-Ladies by a way of dress. For Sisters like Sister Helen Vincula wore a soft white around the face, and soft long black veils, and a small cross on the breast of the dress: so that even had any not known the difference one could easily have guessed.

But for Ladies and Mammas there were none of these differences.

But Bessie Bell looked and looked and wondered, but her eyes brought to her no way of knowing.

Bessie Bell could at length think of only one way to find out the difference, and that was to ask—to let her ears help her eyes to bring to her some way of knowing.

One day a dear old lady with white curls all around under her bonnet stopped near the playground and called Bessie Bell to her and gave her some chocolate candy, every piece of candy folded up in its own white paper.

Bessie Bell said, "Thank you, ma'am."

Then as the lady still stood by the playground, Bessie Bell asked her, "Are you a Lady, ma'am?"

"I have been called so," said the lady, smiling down at Bessie Bell.

"Or are you a Mamma?" asked Bessie Bell.

"Ah," said the lady; "I am a Mamma, too, but all my little girls have grown up and left me."

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Bessie Bell wondered how they could have done that, those little girls. But she saw, and was so glad to see, that this lady was very wise, and that she understood all the things that little girls wonder about.

But though there was a difference, a very great difference, between Mammas and Ladies, it was very hard to tell—unless you asked.

One day a large fat lady took Bessie Bell on her lap. That was very strange to Bessie Bell—to sit on top of anybody.

And the lady made a rabbit, and a pony, and a preacher, all out of a handkerchief and her nice fat fingers. And then she made with the same handkerchief and fingers a Mamma holding a Baby.

Then Bessie Bell looked up at her with her wondering eyes and asked, "Are you a Lady—"

"Bless my soul!" cried the lady. "Do you hear this child? And now, come to think of it, I don't know whether I am a lady or not—"

And the lady laughed until Bessie Bell felt quite shaken up.

"Or are you a Mamma?" asked Bessie Bell, when it seemed that the lady was about to stop laughing.

"So that is it?" asked the lady, and she seemed about to begin laughing again.

"Yes, I am a Mamma, and I have three little girls about as funny as you are."

Another time a lady passed by the cabin where Bessie Bell stood leaning against the little fluted white post of the gallery, and said:

"Good-morning, Bessie Bell. I am Alice's Mamma."

That made things so simple, thought Bessie Bell. This lady was a Mamma. And she was Alice's Mamma.

Bessie Bell wished that all would tell in that nice way at once whether they were Mammas or Just-Ladies.

The next lady who passed by the cabin also stopped to talk to Bessie Bell.

And Bessie Bell asked, "Are you a Mamma or Only-Just-A-Lady?"

"I am only just a lady," the lady said, patting Bessie Bell's little tiny hand. And it was easy to see that, in Bessie Bell's mind, though Only-Just-Ladies were kind and sweet, Mammas were far greater and more important beings.

One night, when Sister Helen Vincula had put Bessie Bell to bed in the small bed that was not a crib-bed, though like that she had slept in before she had come to the high mountain, Bessie Bell still lay wide awake.

Her blue eyes were wide open, and both of her pink little hands were above her head on the pillow. She was thinking, and thinking, and she forgot that she was thinking her thinking aloud, and she said:

"Alice has a mamma. Robbie has a mamma. Katie has a mamma. Where is Bessie Bell's mamma? Never mind: Bessie Bell will find a mamma."

Then Sister Helen Vincula, who was wide awake too, said:

"Ah me, ah me!"

Bessie Bell said, "Sister Helen Vincula, did you call me?"

Sister Helen Vincula said, "No, child: go to sleep."

The next day was the day for Sister Helen Vincula and Bessie Bell to leave the high cool mountain. They were to leave the little cabin where the lady had told them to live until they had gotten well again.

So when their leaving day came Sister Helen Vincula put a clean stiff-starched blue-checked apron on Bessie Bell, and they walked together to the Mall where the band was playing.

Bessie Bell was always so glad when Sister Helen Vincula took her to the Mall in the afternoon when the band played.

All the little children went every afternoon in their prettiest dresses to the Mall where the band played.

Because in the afternoon the band played just the sort of music that little girls liked to hear.

Every afternoon all the nurses came to the Mall and brought all the babies, and the nurses rolled the babies up and down the sawdust walks in the pretty baby-carriages, with nice white and pink and blue parasols over the babies' heads.

That afternoon Sister Helen Vincula stayed a long time with Bessie Bell,

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on the Mall, sitting by her on the stone bench and listening to the gay music, and looking at the children in their prettiest clothes, and at the nurses rolling the babies in the pretty carriages with the beautiful pink and white and blue parasols over the babies' heads.

Then Sister Helen Vincula said, "Bessie Bell, I am going across the long bridge to see some ladies and to tell them Good-by, because we are going away to-morrow."

And Sister Helen Vincula said, "Now, will you stay right here on this stone bench till I come back for you?"

Bessie Bell said, "Yes, Sister Helen Vincula."

So Sister Helen Vincula went away across the long bridge to see the ladies and to tell them Good-by.

Bessie Bell did not know much about going away, and she did not understand about it at all, so she did not care at all about it.

She just sat on the stone bench with her little pink hands folded on her blue checked apron, and looked at the children in their prettiest clothes, and at the babies, and at the parasols.

She loved so to look, and she loved so to listen to the pretty gay music that she did not notice that a lady had come to the stone bench, and had seated herself just where Sister Helen Vincula had sat before she went to see the ladies and to tell them Good-by.

There were many other ladies on the Mall, and many ladies passed in their walk by the stone bench where Bessie Bell and the lady sat.

Everybody loved to come to the Mall in the afternoon when the band played. Everybody loved to hear the gay music. Everybody loved to see the children in their prettiest clothes, and to see all the nurses rolling the babies in the carriages with the pretty parasols.

And one of the ladies passing by looked over to the stone bench where Bessie Bell sat with her hands folded on her blue checked apron, and where the lady had seated herself just as Sister Helen Vincula had sat before she went across the long bridge.

And the lady said, as she passed by and looked, "Striking likeness."

Another lady with her said, "Wonderful!"

And another one with them said, "Impossible! But strange indeed—"

Bessie Bell did not notice what the ladies said, but because they looked so attentively to where she sat on the stone bench her attention was turned the way their eyes turned as they talked in low tones and looked attentively passing by.

So when they had passed by, Bessie Bell turned and looked to the other end of the bench where the lady sat.

Bessie Bell was so surprised at the first look that she hardly knew what to think.

The lady did not look like Sister Helen Vincula, oh, not at all; but the veil that she wore was soft and black like that that Sister Helen Vincula wore. The dress that the lady wore was black also, but it looked as if it were stiff and very crisp, and not soft like the dress that Sister Helen Vincula wore. Bessie Bell did not mean to be rude, but she reached out one tiny hand and took hold of the lady's dress, just a tiny pinch of it.

Yes, it was very crisp.

Then the lady turned and looked at Bessie Bell.

Then Bessie Bell was still more surprised, for there was something white under her veil. Not white all around the face like that Sister Helen Vincula wore, but soft crinkly white just over the lady's soft yellow hair.

Also on the breast of her black dress was a cross, but not white like the cross that Sister Helen Vincula wore. No, this cross was shining very brightly, and it was very golden in the sunlight—and—somehow, somehow—Bessie Bell knew just how that cross felt—she knew without feeling it. She did not have to feel it as she had felt the dress.

Bessie Bell looked and thought. She thought this lady looked like a Sister—and yet there was a difference. She looked also like Just-A-Lady, and she also looked grand and important enough for a Mamma.

Bessie Bell looked and thought, but she could not tell just exactly what this lady was.

It was best that she should ask, and then she would surely know.

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So she asked: "Are you a Lady, ma'am?"

"I hope so, little girl," the lady said.

"I thought, maybe, you were a Sister," said Bessie Bell.

"No," said the lady.

"Like Sister Mary Felice, and Sister Angela, and Sister Helen Vincula," said Bessie Bell.

"No," said the lady.

"Are you a Mamma, then?" asked Bessie Bell.

The lady looked as if she were going to cry.

But Bessie Bell could see nothing to cry about. The band was still playing ever so gayly, and all the little children looked so beautiful and so happy, all playing and running hither and thither on the sawdust walks, that it was good just to look at them.

But on the instant Bessie Bell remembered how sorrowful it was to cry when you could not understand things, so she quickly reached out her little pink hand and laid it on the lady's hand—just because she knew how sorrowful it felt to feel like crying and not to know.

"You see," said Bessie Bell, gently, as she softly patted the lady's hand, "you see, you do look something like a Sister—but," said Bessie Bell, "I believe you do look more like a Mamma."

"Little girl," said the lady, "what do you mean?"

And she still looked as if she might cry.

"Yes," said Bessie Bell, for she had begun to think very hard, "Alice has a mamma. Robbie has a mamma. Lucy has a mamma. Everybody has a mamma. Never mind, Bessie Bell will find a mamma—"

"Little girl," said the lady, "why do you say, Bessie Bell—?"

When the lady said that it seemed to Bessie Bell that she heard something sweet—something away off beyond what the band was playing, so she just clapped her hands and laughed out loud and said over and over as if it were a little song:

"Bessie Bell! Bessie, Bessie, Bessie Bell!"

But the lady at her side looked down at the child as if she were afraid. Bessie Bell knew how sorrowful it was to be afraid, so she stopped patting her hands and laughing—for she didn't know why she had begun to do it—and she laid her hand again on the lady's hand, just because she knew how sorrowful it was to be afraid.

But Bessie Bell could not see anything to be afraid of: the band was playing just as gayly as ever, and the children, and the nurses, and the babies, and the parasols were as gay as ever.

"Where is your mamma?" asked the lady, taking fast hold of the little hand that patted her hand.

"Everybody has a mamma—never mind—"

"But where is your mamma?" asked the lady again.

Bessie Bell had begun to wonder and so had forgotten to answer.

"Child, where is your mamma?" said the lady again, still holding fast to Bessie Bell's hand.

"But—I don't know," said Bessie Bell.

Then the lady looked as if she had begun to wonder, too, and she seemed to be looking away off, away off, but how closely she held Bessie Bell's hand—closer than Sister Angela, or Sister Theckla, or even Sister Helen Vincula, or Sister Justina—

Then Bessie Bell began to wonder still more, and to remember, as the lady held fast to her little fingers. She began to talk her thinking out loud, and she said, "Yes, there *was* a window—where everything was green, and small, and moving—but Sister Justina said there was not any window like that in the whole world—"

The lady held Bessie Bell's hand very hard, and she said—softly, as if she, too, was talking her thinking aloud:

"Yes, there was a window like that in the world, for just outside the nursery window there grew a Pride of China Tree, and it filled all the window with small, green, moving leaves—"

Then Bessie Bell just let the lady draw her up close, and she leaned up against the lady.

She felt so happy now, for she knew she had found the Wisest Woman in the world, for this lady knew the things that little girls only could remember. If she

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had thought about it, she would have told the lady about the tiny apple trees with the very, very small apples on them, and other rows of apple trees over those, and other rows on top of those, and on top of all a row of big round red apples.

Then the lady might have said, Yes, there were apple trees like that in the world, for all the nursery walls were papered like that, with a row of big round red apples at the top.

But Bessie Bell did not think of or remember that then; she just leaned up against the lady and swung one of her little feet up and down, back and forth, as she sat on the stone bench: she was so happy to have met the Wisest Woman in the world.

The people who passed by looked, and turned to look again, at the little girl in the stiff-starched, faded blue checked apron leaning up against the lady in the crisp, dull silk.

But Bessie Bell did not look at anybody who passed.

And the lady did not look at anybody who passed.

And the band kept on playing gay music.

It was not very long before Sister Helen Vincula came back from seeing the ladies across the long bridge, and from telling them Good-by. As soon as she saw Bessie Bell leaning up against the lady she cried:

"Why, Bessie Bell!"

Bessie Bell said, "Sister Helen Vincula," and she knew she had done something wrong, but she could only wonder what.

But the lady said very quickly—and she held Bessie Bell's hand even harder than before—she said:

"Sister Helen Vincula, I must ask you something—"

Sister Helen Vincula and the lady talked a long time.

Bessie Bell did not listen very much to what they said.

She did not lean up against the lady now, but she sat close. Sister Helen Vincula did not seem to mind that.

She did not swing her foot to and fro now, but she still felt very contented and happy to have met the very Wisest Woman.

When she did listen a little, she heard the lady say:

"There came news that my husband was ill in Mobile, and I feared that it was of the Dreadful Fever, and I hurried there so that I could get to him before the Dreadful Quarantines were put on. I felt all safe about the baby, for I left her with my mother and the faithful nurse who had been my nurse, too. But when the worst had come and was over—and it was the Dreadful Fever—then I tried to get back to my home; but I could not for many, many days, because the Dreadful Quarantines were on. Then at last I did get there—I slipped up secretly by water. All were gone. I could find no one who could tell me anything. I could find no one who knew anything. The house was wide open. There was no sign of life, but that the cat came and rubbed up against me and walked round and round me. The Dreadful Fever was everywhere, and nobody could tell me anything; and I searched everywhere, always and always alone—there was no one to help me; every one was trying to save from the Dreadful Fever—"

Bessie Bell did not know what all that was about, but she felt so sorry for the lady that she squeezed down ever so softly on her hand that held her own still so tightly.

Sister Helen Vincula wiped her eyes.

The lady kept looking away off, but she still held Bessie Bell's hand in hers.

Then Sister Helen Vincula said, "We are going away to-morrow."

But the lady held fast to Bessie Bell's hand and said, "Not this little girl. She must not go."

"Oh," said Sister Helen Vincula, "but she is in my charge, and so what can I do!"

And the lady said, "I cannot let her leave me—not ever."

But Sister Helen Vincula said, "Oh, madam, you do not *know*. No matter what we hope, we do not know—"

But the lady held still faster to Bessie Bell's hand.

"Oh," said Sister Helen Vincula, "I have a thought! Come to our cabin with me."

So they went.

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And Bessie Bell walked between Sister Helen Vincula and the lady.

And they each held one of her little pink hands.

When they were at the cabin Sister Helen Vincula opened the old trunk with the brass tacks on it, and she went down to the very bottom of it, unpacking as she went. For the old trunk was almost entirely packed for the going away to-morrow. Then Sister Helen Vincula took out, from almost the bottom of the trunk, the little white nightgown that had "Bessie Bell" written on it with linen thread.

And Sister Helen Vincula laid the little white nightgown across the lady's lap.

Then the lady read the name written with the linen thread.

The lady said, "I worked this name with my own hands."

She drew Bessie Bell closer to her, and she said, "Sister Helen Vincula, can you doubt?"

Bessie Bell stood contentedly where the lady held her, and she looked first at the nightgown and then at the lady, then at Sister Helen Vincula. She did not know or care what it was all about—she scarcely wondered.

"Sister Helen Vincula," said the lady, "I know past all doubting that I worked this name. You believe that. Much more past all doubting do you not know—You must know—"

"Ah," said Sister Helen Vincula, "I hope with you." She reached for the little nightgown, and she smoothed it in her fingers. "Ah," she said, "the child has grown since she has been with us, so much, but the little gown—it looks—really smaller to me—"

But the lady was not listening to Sister Helen Vincula. She had her arms about Bessie Bell's shoulders and was looking into her face.

"I am glad I brought the little gown," Sister Helen Vincula was saying; "the child was so ill, so fearfully thin, I feared—it was only a fancy—I feared—"

"No, no, no," cried the lady, drawing Bessie Bell closer.

"Now nearly two years she has been with us," said Sister Helen Vincula.

"She was just old enough to be put to the table in a high chair," said the lady. "Ah, how she did laugh and crow and jump when her father took the peacock-feather-fly-brush from the maid, and waved it in front of her! She would seize the ends of the feathers and laugh and crow louder than ever, and hide her laughing little face deep into the feathers— Ah me—"

But Bessie Bell said nothing, nor remembered anything. For she did not know that the lady was talking of something green, and blue, and soft, and brown.

And it was Sister Justina, and not Sister Helen Vincula, who had told her to be ashamed when she had cried, Pretty! Pretty! Pretty! as the something green, and blue, and soft, and brown was waved to and fro in front of her until she seized it and buried her little face in it for the joy—of remembering—

So Sister Helen Vincula did not know, and Bessie Bell did not remember, while the lady talked.

Only long after, when Bessie Bell grew much larger, it happened that whenever she saw an old-fashioned peacock-feather-fly-brush—at first, just for a second, she felt very glad; and then, just for a second, she felt very sorry; and she never knew or could remember why. She forgot after awhile how she had been so full of sorrow when Sister Justina said, Be Ashamed, and she could no longer remember why she was glad; only a feeling of both was left—and she could not tell how or why.

But the lady would not let Bessie Bell get far from her, and Bessie did not care to go far from her. She stood with her little pink hands folded, and looked up at the lady who held to her so closely.

Sister Helen Vincula said, "It was Sister Theckla who spent that summer with the sick, and it was Sister Theckla who brought the child to us. Can you not go home with us? Or I could write to you at once—"

"No," said the lady. "I will go. The child shall not leave me—"

"And we will talk to Sister Theckla, and she will tell us all that she knows, and then—God willing—we shall know all."

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The lady said, "Yes, we will all go together. We will go at once."

And so it was that when Sister Theckla had told all that she knew, then the lady knew (as she always had said she had known), past all doubting, that Bessie Bell had really found what she most wished for.

But we do not know how long it was before Bessie Bell really understood that the Wisest Woman in the world, who knew what little girls had almost forgotten how to remember, was her own Mother.

When all the people on the high, cool mountain heard about all that the lady knew, and all that Sister Theckla told, and all that Bessie Bell had found, they were all as glad as they could be.

And when the boy with the long-striped-stocking-legs heard all about it he said, "That is fine! Bessie Bell said that she would find a Mamma—and she has!"

NAPOLEON AND THE ART OF WAR[1]

AFTER a reasonably careful examination of the first two volumes of "Napoleon" in the series of "Great Captains," by Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Ayrault Dodge, U. S. A., retired, published in 1904, the writer ventured the estimate that the work in its completed form would deserve a place among the most valuable contributions to modern military criticism. The accuracy of that estimate, it is only simple justice to declare, is conclusively verified by the third and fourth volumes, now at hand, with which the undertaking becomes a finality. The scope announced in the beginning by the author, whereby his work should be solely a history of Napoleon in its relation to the Art of War, has been faithfully adhered to, with the result that these volumes present a broader, clearer, and more illuminating study of military development as affected by the Napoleonic wars than can be found in the writings of any of the earlier essayists.

In order to accept this judgment it is not necessary to recognize Colonel Dodge's as the last word on certain academic questions as to Napoleon's status among the world's great military leaders, or concerning Napoleon's wisdom of action in the great emergencies of his later career. For example, one need not feel obliged to concur in the author's opinion that Napoleon ranked next after Cæsar as "the greatest character in history," and that "he comes near to being the most useful man of modern time." Nor is one required to acquiesce in the assignment of Napoleon to sixth place in the list of the world's "Great Captains," after Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, and Frederick, in the order named. These are all indeterminate questions, and of trivial importance as compared with the thoroughness, analytical skill, and judicial spirit with which Colonel Dodge has investigated, measured, and judged Napoleon's military achievements. In this work the author has given the world the results of a study of Napoleon which has occupied nearly a third of a century, in the course of which he has visited nearly all the scenes of Napoleon's great campaigns and scrutinized innumerable official and unofficial reports and other documents relating to those operations. The maps, portraits, tables, and illustrations of weapons and other implements of the Napoleonic era which embellish the work are in themselves a convincing token of the breadth and effectiveness of the author's research.

Inasmuch as Colonel Dodge's work is essentially a study of the military life of Napoleon, it falls naturally into two divisions, the first two volumes dealing with Napoleon's amazing rise to power, and the last two with his decline and overthrow. The second volume, issued three years ago, closed with the Treaty of Tilsit, which made him virtual master of Europe, and with the glory of Jena and

[1] Napoleon: A History of the Art of War, with a Detailed Account of the Napoleonic Wars. By Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Ayrault Dodge, U. S. A., retired. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Vols. III and IV. From Lützen to Waterloo. $4 per vol., net.

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Austerlitz still flush upon him. The fourth and final volume concludes with the story of the tragedy of Waterloo. Between the chapter points thus indicated is the recital of the fateful campaign in Spain, which marked the beginning of Napoleon's gradual decline, the frightful catastrophe in Russia involving the loss of 470,000 men of Napoleon's Grand Army of 500,000, Salamanca and Vittoria, Leipsic, Wellington's invasion of France, Toulouse, Ligny, and Quatre Bras.

In these various movements, as Colonel Dodge points out, the decline of Napoleon's leadership was unmistakable. The hand of the giant is no longer visible in Napoleon's campaigns. His strategy is trifling. He loses his mastership as a disciplinarian. He scolds his generals, issues bombastic proclamations to his troops, and is accused of falsifying the facts to deceive his friends. Yet the grand tactics of his earlier battles were wonderful, and his strategic marches were still more wonderful. "The keynote of his successes was that his strategy so led up to battle that victory became decisive, and to the military student the strategic maneuvers are of perhaps greater interest."

Success undermined many of Napoleon's best traits. Every success made him more confident of his destiny, and to this circumstance perhaps may be attributed the fact that the eve of Waterloo found him fully confident of victory. Yet he began by losing precious time at the very start. "Had he wanted Ney to capture Quatre Bras, he should have told him so early and unmistakably. He knew that Ney had no broad strategic comprehension, and should have ordered him to detach Erlon. He should have pursued the Prussians after his indecisive victory. He should have reckoned on Blucher's tremendous energy and Gneisenau's ability. He should have given Grouchy clear orders to move on interior lines, and should have called him in at midnight preceding Waterloo." In these he showed himself no longer the Napoleon of old, and history wrote its verdict accordingly. Napoleon said at Austerlitz that there was only a certain time given to the general to do his best work, and that he himself should be good for it only six years more. Singularly enough, it was just six years from then to the dreadful failure in Russia.

Preceding a chapter devoted to an exceptionally open-minded and finely proportioned study of "Napoleon, Man and Soldier," Colonel Dodge closes his analysis of Napoleon's military career with the following judgment on the Waterloo campaign: "All criticism of Napoleon's conduct of this campaign must be read in the spirit that prompts it, the utmost admiration of his genius and a desire to inquire why he here failed, when previously, under as difficult conditions, he had won. After all is said, and despite his last four years, Napoleon remains the greatest soldier of modern times; criticism of any kind must always result in evolving this same conclusion; and every word spoken in blame of his laxness here is subject to the knowledge that no failure can rob him of his fame as the best leader and broadest teacher of war of the Christian era."

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Comment on Current Books

Novels and Tales

It is a question whether it is worth while to discuss vital questions even as cleverly as May Sinclair does, if the right people do not profit by the painful productions. "The Judgment of Eve"[1] is a short story, but the pain in it is unlimited. It is just an every-day history of common humanity. A domestic life of faithfulness and devotion does not always mean either happiness or the best development. This seems to be the author's idea. True love, high ideals, limited capacity and means, and unselfish work, are followed by exhausted mental and physical strength, shattered nerves, and disappointed hope. The Judgment of Eve descends in all its horror upon Arthur and Agnes, sweeping Agnes away upon a great tidal wave of agony, and leaving Arthur a nerveless, stranded nonentity upon the shore of humanity. It is quite impossible to escape a cynical premonition as to what he will do in his widowed state, burdened with six children and no Agnes to "look out" for them and him. The right people will probably never hear of "The Judgment of Eve."

Another slight story, so far as length goes, but one delicately wrought and with great literary skill, is Mr. Howells's "Fennel and Rue."[2] This at least is free from the charge of being painful, and indeed in its pervasive spirit of mild and humorous social satire reminds one of certain of Mr. Howells's earlier books. The whole subtle study of character turns on the way in which a super-refined and supersensitive author (and moreover a bit of a prig) treats the wound to his dignity caused by a young woman who is foolish enough to play a prank upon him by asking to see the proofs of the unpublished chapters of his serial story, as she may die before they appear.

But the next book[3] the reviewer picks up is again most painful in character, and the undoubted intellectual ability of the author, and even her genuine moral intention, do not compensate the reader for the sorrow and suffering he is called on vicariously to suffer. The two sisters of the title are daughters of one father; one the delicately nurtured and fine-natured child of a wife of supreme sweetness and beauty of character; the other the illegitimate daughter of a vulgar and avaricious courtesan, who is presented only too realistically. The two love the same man. Hypnotism and the subliminal consciousness are dragged in to give a modern touch.

If any one of average intelligence can read Upton Sinclair's "The Metropolis,"[1] he will have to take it in short installments, for even the best developed sense of humor will balk at the dreary inanities thrown pellmell into this book. It is made up, evidently, from a collection of newspaper clippings gathered from yellow journalism. All the foolish, stale stories, true or untrue, are retold by this misguided writer. Nothing is more patent than the author's lack of personal knowledge concerning the social life of New York. If it were not so absurd, it would be a pitiful exhibition of misdirected energy. Fortunately, this sort of attack fails, and only arouses amusement or disgust. When we see ourselves, our vices, and our frailties reflected in the work of serious, devoted men and women of letters, we have hope for the future. A mere hodgepodge of unsavory scandals, held loosely together around a set of ineffective and unreal puppets, may be cast aside without one serious thought or regret.

"The Soul of a Priest"[2] is the sad story of the struggle of a noble, pure nature unable to accept the conditions, either in or out of the Church, in Italy. A beautiful boy, the son of evil though high-born parents, is educated to be a priest. His whole aim is to be a true shepherd of souls. Finding superstition and corruption, pettiness and selfish ambition, among his fellows, he cannot turn to the evil social world whose wickedness has appalled him. Because of his refusal to agree with the plans of his uncle, a Cardinal, and also because of his friendship for patriotic Italians who give the State the first place in their hearts, he falls into disfavor, and finally severs his connection with the Church. One of the powerful influences that open his eyes, and one which the reader is left to imagine grows in potency, is the frank friendship of a little American girl, who has absorbed the teaching of her own land and Protestant faith, and who urges her dear boy friend, Renato, not to enter the priesthood. The story, by the Duke Litta, is well written, serious in tone, and an admirable study of spiritual conflict.

We cannot commend Mr. Phillips's new story[3] further than to agree in his main proposition, which seems to be that a wife

[1] The Judgment of Eve. By May Sinclair. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.25.
[2] Fennel and Rue. By William Dean Howells. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.
[3] The Sisters. By Mrs. Percy Dearmer. The McClure Company, New York. $1.50.

[1] The Metropolis. By Upton Sinclair. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $1.50.
[2] The Soul of a Priest. By the Duke Litta. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.50.
[3] Old Wives for New. By David Graham Phillips. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

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just beginning middle age, who has ceased to care for her husband, is slovenly and lazy, stuffs herself with fattening food, takes no exercise, and disregards her doctor's orders, need not be surprised to find that her husband, who has treated himself physically with proper self-respect, is anxious to divorce her and marry another woman. Perfectly true; but Mr. Phillips takes a tremendous lot of space to tell this, and his gravity about it is portentous. Moreover, there are introduced scenes and incidents that are far from nice reading, that are vulgar and disgusting in themselves, whatever may have been the author's moral purpose.

An anonymous story of crime and detection called "The Four-Pools Mystery" [1] is a rather clever specimen of its class, better written than many crime-tales, and original in its subject, which includes some queer types of the plantation negro and the effect upon them of their belief in "h'ants."

A political tale,[2] somewhat heavily laden with serious argument but offering attractions to many readers, is written by Isaac N. Stevens. The hero, George Randolph, inspired by the dying charge of his father, enters public life with the solemn intention to be of real service to mankind. He meets the obstacles so clearly and constantly described in current writing, but he is able to join forces with powers sufficiently strong to promise success. The peculiarity of the especial reform suggested by this author is that it begins among the very rich, the heads of vast railway enterprises. Randolph is able to move such men by profound feelings of patriotism, and his end is gained. The present era of "regulation" of large industrial enterprises from without is assailed by the author. The book is not one that will appeal to popular taste, and it might have been well to promulgate the ideas it champions through another medium than fiction.

Jacquette was a delightful child who came to live in a large city and entered the high school under the wing of her boy cousin. It was "the thing" to be a Sorority Girl.[3] So Jacquette joined the Sigma Pi's and worked hard against the Kappa Delts. The author, Grace Ethelwyn Cody, knows girls extremely well, and she preserves the just balance between sympathy for their immaturity and insight into their little ways and manners. In the end the question of secret societies for young school-girls is pretty well analyzed, and Jacquette has worked it out in a truly womanly way. An excellent story for girls and boys.

It is a pity that a man who naturally has the instinct for story-telling and character-drawing so strongly developed as has Mr. Crockett should waste his time on such a crazy tale about crazy people as "Deep Moat Grange." [1]

Mr. Robert Barr's "The Measure of the Rule" [2] is largely a study of the workings of a Western Normal College, and includes what may be called a co-educational romance. The novel is original in its subject and treatment, has plot interest, and while not of tremendous power, is certainly readable.

An exceedingly singular and almost mystical romance of China has been written under the title "The Vermilion Pencil," [3] by Homer Lea. Mr. Lea has lived long in China, and it is stated in newspapers that "he became deeply involved in the internal troubles that disturbed the Celestial Empire, and was identified with and a leader in that party which aimed at the restoration of the Emperor, who since 1898 had been a helpless prisoner in the Purple Palace. At the time of the Boxer rebellion Homer Lea, far away in the southern provinces raising recruits, determined to travel with two of his Chinese officers a thousand miles to form a conjunction with a powerful friend of the Emperor. After the long journey, through a country infested by robbers and river pirates, he arrived within a hundred miles of his destination, only to find that the Emperor's friend had been executed, the troops dispersed by the Empress, and incidentally a price set on Homer Lea's head." Mr. Lea's story is rather too tragic and too horrible in its descriptions of Chinese tortures to be agreeable, but it is a sincere picture of a beautiful character in the person of its heroine, and of her influence over a great Chinese official through her loveliness and brilliant mind in abolishing evil and injustice.

In Korea with Marquis Ito

Marquis Ito did a good thing for Korea and Japan when he invited Professor Ladd, of Yale, a year ago, to be his guest and helper in Korea, where, as Resident-General, he represents the protectorate of Japan. Dr. Ladd was in Japan in the duties of the lectureship to which he had been invited thither. The Marquis rightly thought the help of such a man desirable in his difficult and delicate task, in the midst of silli-

[1] The Four-Pools Mystery. By ?. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.
[2] The Liberators. By Isaac N. Stevens. B. W. Dodge & Co., New York. $1.50.
[3] Jacquette, a Sorority Girl. By Grace Ethelwyn Cody. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.25.

[1] Deep Moat Grange. By S. R. Crockett. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.
[2] The Measure of the Rule. By Robert Barr. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.
[3] The Vermilion Pencil. By Homer Lea. The McClure Company, New York. $1.50.

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ness, selfishness, and calumny, of establishing stable and progressive civilization. Dr. Ladd's two months in Korea have resulted, among other good things, in this book.[1] Here, at last, from a competent observer and fair-minded critic and reporter, with very unusual opportunities for correct information, we have the truth about Korea, and Japan in Korea. Korean history, he tells us, is mostly unwritten, and most that has been written as such is lies. In view of the misrepresentations and falsehoods which American and British pens have freely disseminated, many of which are effectively exposed by Dr. Ladd, this book deserves the attention especially of all Americans who have business or missionary interests in Korea. While Dr. Ladd has the eye of an intelligent traveler for the aspect, resources, and opportunities of that country, his attention is mainly fixed upon the condition, history, and prospects of the people. In this view Korea appears to be a pestilential moral swamp, the draining of which for rich harvests in the future has been begun, under the leadership of Japan, by the combined agencies of good government, rational education, and Christianity. China, says Dr. Ladd, has been for twenty centuries "the expensive and bloody enemy and the political seducer and corrupter of Korea." He gives the facts for this conclusion, and also for his judgment that, under repeated extreme provocations, Japan has quite uniformly treated Korea with "what Western nations generally would regard as an excess of chivalric and totally unappreciated kindness." There have been, of course, many Japanese, but there have also been many of other nations, who resorted to Korea as selfish exploiters; but no favor has been shown them, and world-wide calumny has been their revenge. Even some American missionaries in Korea had been duped into fostering anti-Japanese sentiment among the people, to the disadvantage of Marquis Ito's noble endeavors. Dr. Ladd had to do some plain talking about this mischief, and secured friendly relations between the Marquis and "an influential portion of the missionary body." As to the Marquis (now Prince) Ito, to whom, in 1901, Yale gave the honorary LL.D., the facts given by Dr. Ladd place him among the most noble-minded and sagacious statesmen of our time. That Christianity is making large and permanent gains in Korea is, after all allowances for weaknesses ingrained in the native mind, good ground for believing that the long oppressed and debased people are now, under the firm and kindly Japanese protectorate, on the road to a healthy national life. The important matters of Korean and international history authentically treated by Dr. Ladd no space remains to mention. So enlightening a volume should not lack a good map.

[1] In Korea with Marquis Ito. By George Trumbull Ladd, LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50, net.

The Symbolist Movement in Literature

A new edition of a book published some years ago, and dealing with a movement which, as a movement, is practically ended. The book[1] presents studies, both biographical and critical, of the writers, chiefly French, whom Mr. Symons regards as the leaders of the Symbolist movement, and the value of the book lies chiefly in the facts and impressions which it gives of this little group of writers, the best known of whom by American readers are Verlaine, Mallarmé, and Huysmans. There is a chapter on "Maeterlinck as a Mystic." Mr. Symons is most interesting when he deals with Verlaine and Mallarmé, with both of whom he had intimate acquaintance. He does not conceal, although he does not quite distinctly enough bring out, the lawless life of Verlaine. While it is quite true, as Mr. Symonds says, that without symbolism there can be no literature, it is equally true that the work of some of the Symbolists cannot be accepted by any sane judgment as permanent contributions to literature. The book is valuable as an impressionistic study of one of the minor currents of the literary movements of the last generation.

The Oriental Tale in England in the Eighteenth Century

An interesting by-product of literary scholarship, dealing with the books published in England during the eighteenth century which either directly or indirectly were shaped or colored by Oriental influences.[2] This includes not only such fiction as "Vathek," but also Goldsmith's "The Citizen of the World." It is Miss Conant's opinion that the vogue of Eastern tales was an expression of the same tendency which at one time deluged England with Chinese house-furnishings, and led to all sorts of grotesque and extravagant architecture in imitation of the Chinese. She calls the "Arabian Nights" the fairy godmother of the English novel.

[1] The Symbolist Movement in Literature. By Arthur Symons. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2, net.

[2] Oriental Tales in England in the Eighteenth Century. By Martha Pike Conant. (Columbia University Studies.) The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

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Letters to The Outlook

A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER

One who never sought his own, with no notice of the Christian press (so far as I can see), has passed from us—Henry Wilson, D.D.

A good soldier and a true. A brave soul if ever there was one. A man who walked with God and, like his Master, "went about doing good and healing all who were oppressed of the devil," marches with us no longer. He died alone, among strangers, after forty-eight hours' illness (I believe) of pneumonia.

In the last letter I had from him, written June 22, 1907, he says: "Traveled twenty thousand miles last year, visited seventy cities and towns, held meetings three and four times a day. There is a spring of joy within me. I hardly know an ache or a pain, and I feel so young and fresh that I am more like a boy at play than a man at work. Praise God."

I never knew any man who seemed to go from strength to strength and who lived in the joy of God as he did.

Work that others would have deemed unsuitable (he was an old man in years) did not so seem to him. He would undertake any journey to talk to children, and children knew it and always loved him.

He was no mean scholar. He had studied hard and well remembered his classics. He was a very good Grecian. His D.D. was not an honorary degree (as in the case of most of us it is).

When I first faced the large and difficult problems of St. George's, New York, Henry Wilson was by my side, and none of us who then strove shoulder to shoulder can ever forget how his happy, whole-hearted piety influenced all in our little East Sixteenth Street clergy house. Looking back on it all, I can see how we were often like Martha—cumbered with much serving. He worked as hard as any, but ever seemed to find time to sit at Jesus' feet and hear his words.

When Henry Wilson came to me first, a heavy load of depression rested on his mind. He had passed through deep and dark waters, and he had passed alone. Soon, however, like clear sunshine after rain, the light of God's peace came to his soul, and henceforth he seemed to live and work in a cloudless day.

If we are really honest with ourselves, I am persuaded that we must admit that it is a rare thing to know a man who, without hesitation or backward look, is willing to place his very all on the altar. Such a man was he. He seemed wholly given to his Master—mind, body, goods, he was not his own—and "the life that he lived in the flesh he lived by the faith of the Son of God who loved him and gave himself for him." Thousands of children, and thousands no longer children, but who as children first knew him, thank God that they ever looked into his handsome, kindly face, and will follow him with their blessings and prayers.

Churches have often few rewards or honors for holy men. Honors do not seek them, and they are too much occupied with "the King's business" to seek after anything else. But still, to-day, Christiania and her children, as they set their faces toward the Celestial City, are led and guarded, as of old, by Mr. Greatheart. His shining armor and holy courage they at least are quick to see. And Mr. Greatheart himself was no more stainless soldier than this humble, fearless man of God who has passed from the work he so joyfully accomplished to the very end.

The King's Highway will be lonelier to many because he no longer treads it with them.

W. S. RAINSFORD.

Paris, France.

BLEACHING WHEAT

Dr. B. C. Hesse, a prominent chemist of New York City, has called my attention to an article by Miss Alice Lakey which is entitled "The Pure Food Law—What Has It Accomplished?" published in The Outlook, February 1, 1908. I quote the following from the article referred to:

> The guarantee clause should be remodeled, so that no one can be misled into believing that the Government has actually examined an article of food and said, "This is pure." It is the manufacturer who says it, not the Government. If the bleaching of nuts, of fruits, and of sugar-cane can be ruled on, why not the bleaching of flour? It *is* not the question of the harmfulness of the bleaching process, but the opportunity that the process gives the miller who is disposed to be dishonest. He can bleach an inferior low-grade product until it has the appearance of the best. And it is this ethical question that has been the fundamental inspiration of the pure food movement, as Dr. Wiley has so clearly demonstrated.

This not only is not true, but, strange to say, the so-called bleaching of a low-grade product of the modern mill has exactly the opposite effect. It is only the high-grade flour that is aged and whitened by a process sometimes referred to as a "bleaching process;" the low grades contain fibrous matter, branny particles, specks of dirt, etc., that would be made all the more prominent if

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this grade of flour were bleached; and for that and other reasons, none of the mills are attempting to bleach the low grades, and certainly they could not practice any deception in the use of this process for that purpose, even if they wanted to do so.

As a matter of fact, the electrified air or gas used to age freshly milled flour has a mechanical effect upon the oily substance of the flour in bringing about a change in color, and is not a bleaching agent at all. In the patent litigation, involving rights to the use of this process, hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in trying to prove that this gas was a bleaching agent, but without success. I can state from good authority that the so-called bleaching process does not give the dishonest miller the opportunity which Miss Lakey suggests. I believe any reputable miller in the United States will give you the facts as I have stated them.

I might also add that some of the most noted flour experts, professors of chemistry in this and other countries, have made careful investigation of this subject, and I believe, without an exception, all of them will deny the truthfulness of the statements referred to. I refer you to Dr. Wesener, of the Columbus Laboratories, Chicago, and Professor Harry Snyder, Professor of Chemistry, University of Minnesota, who are considered the best authorities on flour in the United States. Dr. Jago, of England, the recognized English authority on flour, will also, no doubt, give you the facts if you care to write him. I would also refer you to such noted chemists as Professor Edward H. Keiser, of the Washington University, St. Louis; Professor Fleurent, the French Government chemist; Dr. Hesse, of New York City; Dr. Avery, of the University of Nebraska; Professor Munroe, of Washington, D. C., and Sir William Ramsay and Sir James Dewar, of England, and, in fact, to any one else who has looked into the matter and who is competent to judge as to the correctness of the statements.

JOHN E. MITCHELL,
Manager The Alsop Process Company.
St. Louis, Missouri.

A PLEA FOR SOCIALISM

The article on Socialism by Dr. Abbott in the issue of March 7 is very interesting to the writer. The subject is attracting more and more of the attention of the people, and it is good to encourage discussion. May I offer a contribution to the subject?

Dr. Abbott makes the point that Socialism is "essentially unjust," and tests the principle with a concrete case. A shipwrecked crew land on an uninhabited island. Now if "John pays the islanders in labor rendered the community for a tree, and then cuts it down, and with his own hands fashions it into a canoe, is," Dr. Abbott asks, "his right to the canoe to be denied him because it is made out of a tree? And if he allows Peter to take the canoe for a fishing trip, on condition that at the end of every day one-quarter of the catch is to be given to him as rent for the canoe, is he to be denounced as a robber?" This, Dr. Abbott avers, would be unjust to John. I think that the Socialist will frankly admit that it is unjust. So is it unjust that Jones, who weighs one hundred pounds, should be charged as great a fare as Smith, who weighs two hundred pounds; or that Jones should be charged as much to send a letter to the next village as Smith is charged for sending a letter to California.

The truth is, strict justice is not worth the seeking. To discriminate between distances and differences of weight would so add to the cost of service that the fare and postage of both Jones and Smith would be increased. The world is not based on justice, but generosity and love. What has the baby done that it can demand as justice constant care and attention day and night for years? This is mother's love and generosity, not justice. Undoubtedly under State Socialism John would be permitted to make himself a canoe. Individual taste will have more scope than now. But to permit John to exact from Peter a rental of one-quarter of his catch of fish would be to permit a principle that is against public policy. It opens the way for the profit system—just the exploitation that impoverishes the masses today. It would open the way for the Morgan or Rockefeller of the island to exploit both John and Peter.

Moreover, John is amply rewarded in other ways. The advantage of combining his labor with that of the other islanders in promoting the welfare of all will vastly outweigh any petty injustice he may suffer.

Dr. Abbott calls State Socialism slavery, with the community for the master. But as John is part of the community, he is master as well as slave. Is it supposable that John the master will tyrannize over John the slave? Will not John the slave be able to secure the very best conditions possible from John the master? The interests of both master and slave in this case are identical.

Between having the community for master, of which one forms a part, and having the capitalist for master with opposite interests, the difference is as wide as between day and night. J. S. F.

Kenwood, New York.

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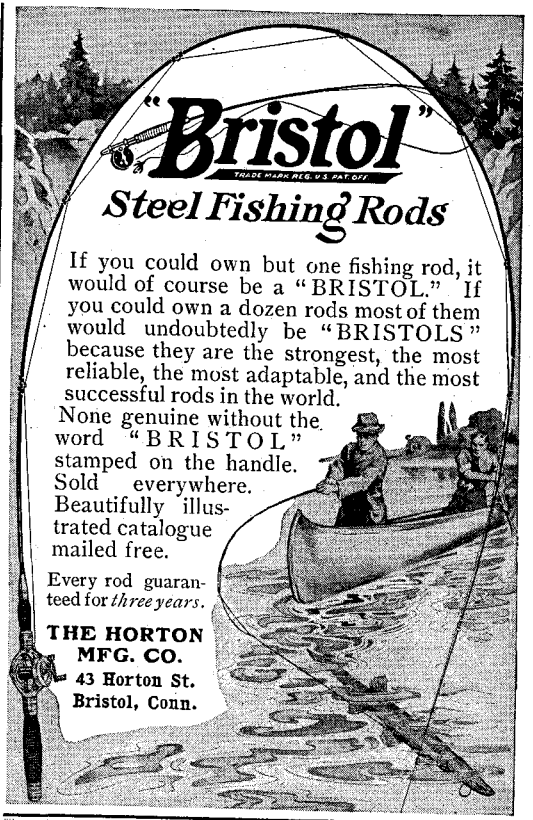

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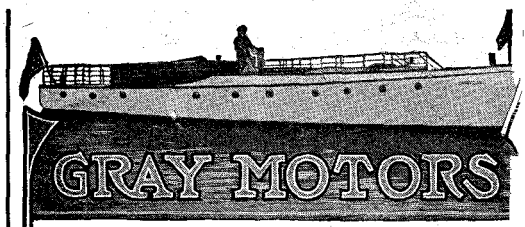

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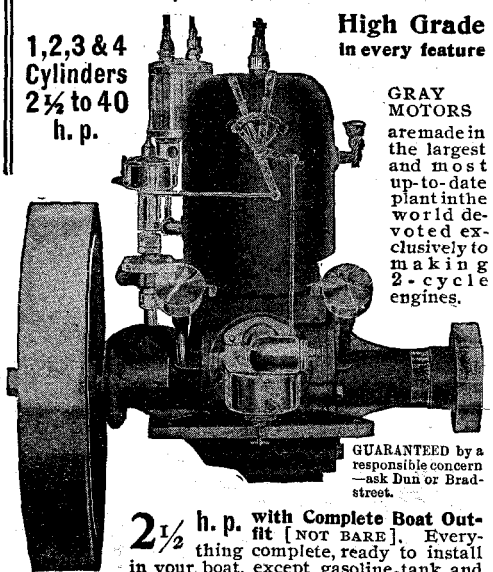

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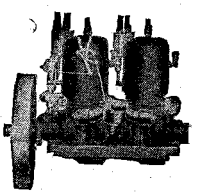

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Four years ago I was practically given up by my doctor was not expected to live long. My nervous system was bad condition.

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I tell my friends it is to Postum I owe my life to-day."

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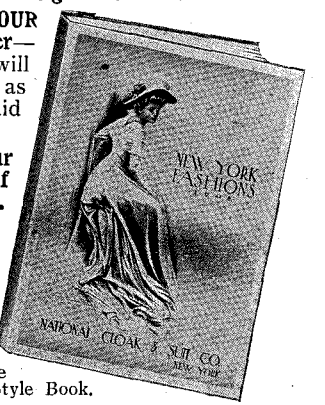

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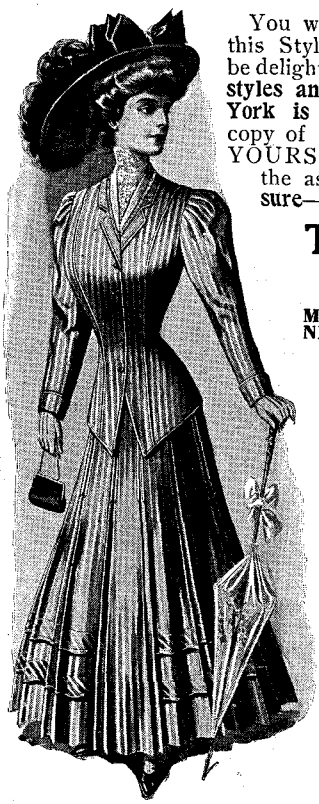

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I WANT to RENT a FURNISHED COTTAGE in the Berkshires or in Maine for the summer. There will need to be 5 sleeping rooms, dining-room, kitchen, and sitting-room, with water. Address with terms Mrs. GEO. F. SCHMID, 238 Decatur St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Special rate, including sleeper, every first and third Tuesday of each month to inspect lands. NICHOLS BROS., Gen'l Agents, 131 La Salle St., Chicago.

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Suitable for a party of six teachers. Apply to "B," 135 E. 15th St., N. Y.

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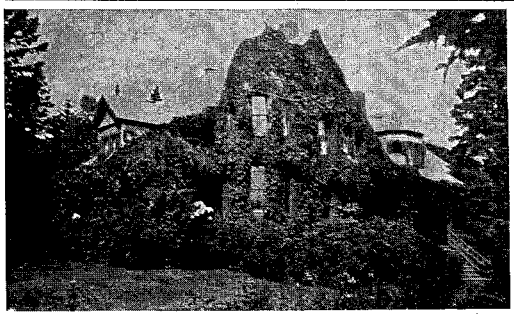

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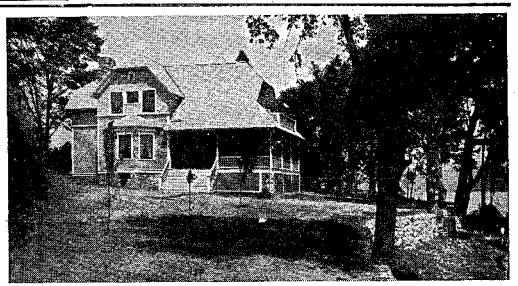

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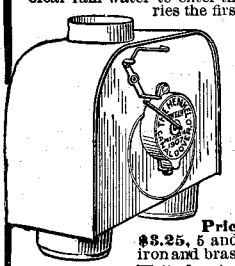
Henkel's Automatic Rain Water Shifter permits only pure, clear rain water to enter the cistern. It automatically carries the first, sooty, filthy drainage from the roof to the waste-pipe, and not until the water runs clear and pure does it go into the cistern.



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For summer 1908, three furnished houses; one of 21 rooms, and two of 12 rooms each. All first class in furnishings and locations, with fine ocean views. D. B. SPALDING, Agent.

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Finely located, with Mirror Lake water, the purest in New England. Apply to GEO. H. TALBOT, Real Estate Agent, Camden, Me.

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Two old, adjoining SEASHORE FARMS

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$250 for season. Cottage of 7 rooms, 2 attics. Private slip. Apply P. O. Box 446, Lancaster, Pa.

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Prouts Neck

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